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SWAN SONG.

"Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take."
(Webster's "Duchess of Malfi.")

PASS gently, life !
As one that takes farewell of a dear friend ;
For ne'er till now were thou and I at
strife,

Nor shall the sequel lend
The rich succession of thy smile and tear,
The conquering pride of love that tram-
ples fear
And vaunts itself a rapture without end !
But mine is weariness thou canst not mend.

Come, kindly death !
Surely of all life's bounties thou art best ;
To whose forgetful palace entereth
No thought that may molest,
No hope and no regret, but ever, there,
Passes the waft of charmed oblivious air
O'er silent multitudes thy wand hath
bled ;
Angel ! I wait thy coming — bring me rest !
Academy. R. WARWICK BOND.

OESCHENEN.

(IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.)

WE passed beneath the pine-trees proud,
Cicalas chirped about our feet,
And countless waterfalls made loud
The stillness of the noontide heat.
Before us rose a hill, — and then
Surely the lake of Oeschenen !

Onward we pressed ; high walls of rock
On either side the valley pent ;
And o'er the right precipitous block
Behold, from some far glacier sent,
A flood shot forward into air,
Spread into spray, and vanished there.

We follow still the stony track,
At the rude bridge we cross the stream,
Above us pine woods glimmer black,
Below us hurrying waters gleam ;
Then steeper grows the rocky slope, —
Beyond the chalet lies our hope.

Oh, moment of a glad surprise !
A little to the left we bent,
And bright beneath the summer skies,
Blue under the blue firmament,
Silently came within our ken
The wondrous lake of Oeschenen.

Few men behold it where it lies,
And feeds the rills that feed the sea,
Most dear to more than human eyes,
To the sun's eye that lovingly
From the mid-heaven looks thereon,
And to the stars when day is gone.

On one side pine woods clothe the shore ;
On three sheer sides the mountain wall
Climbs up three thousand feet or more ;
And here and there the streamlets fall
From where untrodden fields of snow
To further heights undreamed of go.

We gazed on the still depths below ;
We gazed on the pure heights o'erhead ;
We bathed ; the quick returning glow
Chased the first chill away, and sped
A longing through our frames to soar
To the great mountains evermore.

Oh, for strong, tireless wings to bear
Us onward, far above the lake,
Far above steep and torrent, where
The snows of God forever make
Their mansion, pure as at their birth,
Unsoiled by the gross touch of earth.

We lingered through the afternoon ;
We plucked the strawberries that grew
Beneath the pines ; and all too soon
We saw the hours slip by, and knew
We must make homeward through the glen,
Leaving the lake of Oeschenen.

So backward ; ere the darkness fell,
From the open casement of our inn,
Over the scene we loved so well
We watched the mists of evening win.
The Blümlis-Alp took fire ; but then
We saw no more of Oeschenen.

Macmillan's Magazine.

F.

THESE ALL WAIT UPON THEE.

INNOCENT eyes not ours
Are made to look on flowers,
Eyes of small birds and insects small ;
Morn after summer morn
The sweet rose on her thorn
Opens her bosom to them all.
The least and last of things
That soar on quivering wings,
Or crawl among the grass blades out of
sight,
Have just as clear a right
To their appointed portion of delight
As queens or kings.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ST. FRANCIS.

AN English poet (we were told not long ago), on being asked by a friend, "What is it in Dante's face that is wanting in Goethe's?" answered, "The divine."

When we look at the commonplace portraits in an exhibition of modern paintings, what a consolation to turn from them, and see again, with the eye of the mind, such a face as St. Bonaventure's in the "Disputa" of Raphael, or the noble head of St. Dominic as it has come to us through the art of Angelico. It is because these faces bear the stamp of the divine that the remembrance of them is always a solace. In like manner, after reading the biography of any ordinary man who has succeeded in the world (there is certainly no dearth of such biographies), how soothing to let one's thoughts wander to St. Charles Borromeo or St. Francis of Assisi! And it is not morbid nor sentimental; it is merely a natural reaction in the presence of a narrow type. With the material triumphs, the complexity of life, the hurry and deafening noise of our age, what a distance are we from St. Francis; how far from us those modest graces of the spirit which were dear to him! Was he, this Umbrian vision of sanctity, only a foolish dreamer or a madman? And are we on the way to a better resting-place for the spirit, by means of the mastery we are gaining over the forces of nature? Forty years ago the men of science believed so; even they, however, at last are losing hope. Is it possible after all that the day of the saints is coming?

We will not attempt to read the future; let us be content to look at the past or the present, in so far as St. Francis is concerned.

It cannot be ill to follow in this place the example of a reverend Franciscan, who begins his life of the saint by quoting this fine passage from Dante:

Between Tupino, and the wave that falls
From blest Ubaldo's chosen hill, there
hangs

Rich slope of mountain high, whence heat
and cold

Are wafted through Perugia's eastern gate;
And Nocera with Gualdo in its rear,
Mourn for their heavy yoke. Upon that
side,

Where it doth break its steepness most,
arose

A sun upon the world, as duly this

From Ganges doth; therefore let none who
speak

Of that place, say Ascesi; for its name

Were lamely so delivered; but the East,
To call things rightly, be it henceforth
styled.¹

The name of his family is usually given as Bernardoni; but the aforesaid Franciscan calls it Moriconi. The father of Francis, he says, "Pietro Bernardo Moriconi, better known under the name of Pietro Bernardoni, was a rich merchant from Lucca, who had recently settled in Assisi; he did a large trade with France. The mother of Francis was Pica, of the noble Provençal family of Bourlemont; and by her piety she was worthy to be the mother of a saint. Pica had two children, Francis and Angelo; the latter married, and members of the family of Moriconi were living at Assisi in the first half of the fifteenth century."² It is likely that the only schoolmasters of Francis were the humble priests of the neighborhood; his purely intellectual discipline was always slender, but it was not in this sphere that his victories were to be won. Some of his biographers have said that his youth was irregular, given up to rioting and mad pleasure; while St. Bonaventure on the other hand makes out that Francis was called by the divine grace from his birth. The truth is with neither; Francis in his youth was a virtuous lover of pleasure, with the soul of a poet, full of tenderness and charity. He had, however, no capacity for business, and he was lavish in his expenditure, which gave offence to his thrifty father. The father has suffered a great deal of abuse, but there is no evidence that he merited it; the man

¹ Paradise; canto xl., in Cary's translation.

² Saint François d'Assise. Paris, 1885.

of business in such a case is as likely to take a right view as the saint.

In Italy at that day town armed itself against town and village against village, for the titled ruffians were ever at war with one another ; in one of these civil broils Francis was taken prisoner and remained in captivity about a year. His vocation was not yet clear to him, and for a while after his release we find him following the profession of arms, without any apparent zest in the calling. He returned at length to Assisi, and was to help his father there. The story of their last quarrel will show what sort of a man of business Francis was likely to make. He had a vision in which he was told it was the will of God that he should rebuild the church of St. Damian, then in decay. Going at this time with merchandise to a neighboring place, he called at St. Damian's on the way home, and begged the priest to accept, towards rebuilding the church, all the money he had received for the goods. The priest wisely refused the gift, but Francis left the money in the church, or within the precincts. The father of Francis was enraged at this strange conduct, and demanded that his son should publicly forswear all claim upon his estate. It was a harsh measure, yet it helped Francis to discover his true vocation. The youth appeared before the Bishop of Assisi to forego his inheritance. "As soon," says Bonaventure, "as he came into the presence of the bishop, instantly, without speaking a word or waiting for his father's demand, he took off his clothes and returned them to his father. Then it was seen that the saintly youth under his fair garment wore a coarse hair-shirt. With wonderful fervor he turned to his father, and in presence of all thus addressed him : 'Until now I have called you my earthly father ; from this day I may in truth say, "Our Father which art in heaven," in whom is all my treasure, all my trust and hope.'"

The bishop presented some clothes to the young enthusiast, and gave him also for a time work of one sort or an-

other. After this Francis wandered abroad, depending upon the alms of the pious, or living as a hermit in the wilds. We find him nursing the lepers or tending the sick, always full of charity, always a brother to the whole race of men. Nor does he forget the words which he heard in the vision, commanding him to restore the fallen sanctuary. Other churches are built through his zeal, one of them being that of the Portiuncula (St. Mary of the Angels), destined forever to be associated with his name. One day in this place listening to the words, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves," he believes the divine voice bids him carry out to the letter this commandment of the Master. Then he took a coarse grey habit which he tied round with a cord, and this he accepted as the dress he should wear through life ; he soon gained disciples, and in a few years the plain garment was known throughout Christendom.¹

Francis took to himself poverty as a bride ; and to him, and to the simple and brave men who followed him, this bride was not gaunt nor grim, but holy and beautiful. They retired into the woods, to devote themselves to penance and contemplation. But to seek after perfection only from within was not a life full enough for Francis ; he thought, moreover, that the mission had been laid upon him to proclaim to the whole race the beauty and sanctity of this strange Franciscan bride. He and his followers went therefore to Rome, to seek the pope's permission to found a new order. That journey to Rome is not a thing to be passed over lightly ; it is a great event in the history of the world. Pope Innocent the Third, at that time greatest and proudest of rulers, at first repulsed the

¹ "The true dress of St. Francis was a cloak of the meanest material, of the color of ashes, to which was attached a hood made in the form of a bag. . . . The dress of the Capuchin is the one which comes nearest to that of St. Francis ; they have only enlarged the hood, and lengthened it, giving it a pyramidal shape." (History of the Monastic Orders. Paris, 1718.)

coarsely clad stranger who had come to ask the pontiff's sanction for a work seemingly impossible. In the end wiser counsels prevailed, and the desired permission was in part secured. The order did not indeed receive the full papal sanction for several years, but this was freely given so soon as the success of the work was certain.

And thus began the Order of the Franciscans, which grew rapidly and soon became a great power in Europe. The friars took the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; and the first of these they made their own. It was their concern to give spiritual direction everywhere, but, above all, in the street, in the fields, and in the hovel. They told the poor, the outcast, the downtrodden, that poverty need not kill the soul; and they told of a life of poverty in Galilee twelve hundred years ago, which had since gone far to transform the world. What a wealth of spiritual emotion was scattered broadcast in Europe by those wandering friars, sworn to poverty and practising it so literally!

We do not propose to give in detail the facts of the founder's later life; an outline, however, is necessary, else one's work may seem to be a mass of fragments, without a single quality that belongs to a picture.

Francis sent many of his friars abroad as missionaries, and he himself went to the East in 1219, hoping to win over some of the Saracens to Christianity. He won respect for himself, and this was all. Returning to Assisi he performed the duties of spiritual director¹ of his order with ardor and with good sense, for this mystic and enthusiast was no dreamer; nay, in his own way (surely the best way in so far as the things of the spirit are concerned) he was a true man of action, clear of vision, steadfast, and of inexhaustible patience. Great were the needs to which he ministered and astonishing was the result of his work. In the religious sentiment of that day, before he

set himself to renew it, there was a want of joy and freedom; and who so much as Francis gave new wings to the spirit?

The devotion, the fervor of this great soul exhausted the body, and his intense meditation upon the passion of our Lord left its mark on the flesh. It is said that his body bore the *stigmata*, the wounds in the side, on hands, and feet, which were borne by the Crucified One. M. Renan, in his delightful article on St. Francis, states his belief that the *stigmata* were the invention of Brother Elias, who at the time of the saint's death was general of the order. M. Renan is intent upon proving a theory, and sees only that side of the case which best fits in with this theory. The evidence for the *stigmata* is sufficient and assuring. It is the alleged element of miracle that displeased M. Renan; but if we put this element aside, there is in the legend nothing physically improbable. So ardent and sensitive a spirit as Francis, ever meditating upon the passion of Christ, might work through flesh, and pierce feet and hands and side, just as the legend tells us. The men of science who have tried to explain away so much in the religious sphere, have given us no help towards the solution of our difficulties; and, in spite of science, religion in the end will have its due. For men will surely see that by the very constitution of things the natural and the supernatural cannot be at war.

To show how rapidly the order grew, we quote the following passage from a work of reference not likely to err in favor of clericalism: "Forty-two years after the death of its founder the order numbered two hundred thousand members, and possessed eight thousand religious houses, which were scattered over twenty-three provinces." This outward success is in itself no proof of Francis's sanctity; but we have evidence of other kinds, abundant evidence, that Francis was a saint; we know, too, that the charm of his personality was wonderful, indescribable. So overpowering was the effect of his

¹ Francis was not himself (in name at least) general of the order; this post was filled by Brother Elias.

preaching, that the whole population of a town in Italy offered to give up their way of life in order to carry out the Franciscan doctrine of poverty in its severest form. Francis was too wise a man to permit this, for he knew that the entire work of the human race cannot be performed by monks and nuns. He met these cases, not by receiving the candidates into his own order, but by founding a third one adapted to the needs of such as live in the world. The second order we have not mentioned; it is that of the nuns, the Poor Clares; the third, better known as the Order of the Tertiaries, or Penitent Brethren, is not severe in its methods, but is open to all; it is for those who do their work in the ordinary paths of the world, who yet are willing to accept a rule of life, and to impose upon themselves some conditions as to their pleasures and diet, their daily habits, and style of dress. Who can fulfil the law of the spirit with such a natural ease that a rule of life is unnecessary to him? He who says so, and speaks the truth, is greater than the saints.

Francis himself, at any rate, felt such a need, and he claimed no indulgence by virtue of his position, nor because of his physical ailments. That slight frame, wasted by toil, fasting, and prayer, by the pains of the *stigmata*, and by meditation on the holy mysteries, was the abode of a spirit of heroic fortitude. However great his bodily weakness in the last years of his life, however keen his sufferings, his joyousness and enthusiasm never left him; and his poet's heart was true to the last, delighting in the beauties of earth and sky, and full of affection for the whole animate world. Such a depth of charity, so divine a tenderness had not been seen upon earth since the time when the fishermen of Galilee went forth to bind the world with the "cords of love."

He was forty-four years old at his death, which took place at Assisi on the 4th of October, 1226.

Let us go first to Milman for a testimony to the simple goodness of St.

Francis, remembering that, whatever may have been the bias of that learned historian, it was not in favor of the exponents of Latin Christianity. "Of all saints," he says, "St. Francis was the most blameless and gentle. . . . Francis was emphatically the saint of the people, of a poetic people like the Italians. Those who were hereafter to chant the "Paradise" of Dante, or the softer stanzas of Tasso, might well be enamoured of the ruder devotional strains in the poetry of the whole life of St. Francis. The lowest of the low might find consolation, a kind of pride, in the self-abasement of St. Francis even beneath the meanest. The very name of his disciples, the Friar Minors, implied their humility. In his own eyes (says his most pious successor) he was but a sinner, while in truth he was the mirror and splendor of holiness."¹

St. Bonaventure (the "most pious successor" to St. Francis) could hardly have praised the founder of his order more warmly than this. Let us go now for a testimony to a member of Francis's own Church, to Migne: "Who can measure the effect upon the manners of his time of this saint's partiality for all that was then esteemed low and base? To-day we can hardly form a just idea of the European chaos at the beginning of the thirteenth century. No settled government, no safeguards, no security for property or life. Sovereignty was derived from property; and those in power—great in number, and independent of each other—recognized neither measure nor restraint. In a word it was the triumph of wealth and brute force, the systematic oppression of the poor and the weak; such was in that day the social condition of Europe. To this picture already so gloomy must be added all the disorders inseparable from endless and universal war; we shall then have an idea of the society to which St. Francis dared to preach of peace and brotherhood, and of detachment from worldly things. Think of the effect which would be

¹ History of Latin Christianity; book ix. chap. 10.

produced by means of the triumph of these holy doctrines among a population brutalized by the excesses of the feudal system! In those barbarous times preaching had an immense importance. It will be enough to mention the case of John of Vicenza, who, by the power of his preaching, established peace for a time in most of those towns in Italy which had long been torn by civil war."¹

In Francis indeed there was none of the feudal hardness. When it was suggested to him that he should punish some of the friars for contumacy, he made this answer: "My power is a purely spiritual one. If I rule the brethren and correct their vices, it is by spiritual means alone. For if I cannot correct them by word of mouth, by counsel and example, at least I will not be an executioner, to punish and scourge them, as the secular powers of this age would do." That little speech shows us the purely human side of St. Francis. If we would see the religious and poetical side of his nature, we shall find its best expression in his exquisite "Song of the Creatures." It is difficult to think that any one can understand Francis who does not know this canticle; while surely those who do know it can never feel that "sweet St. Francis" is a stranger to them. M. Renan has said that it is, "after the Gospels, the finest instance of religious poetry, the most perfect expression given by the modern world of its feeling for religion." It was the poet in Francis that made him call the swallows his "little sisters," and led him to personify the elements; this was certainly no mere use of the rhetorician's figure *prosopopœia*, for Francis had probably never heard that unpleasant word. "The thought of the common origin of created things," says St. Bonaventure, "filled Francis with great tenderness; and he called all creatures his brothers and sisters, because they had this common origin with himself." This will perhaps make it easier to understand the imagery in the follow-

ing canticle. We will follow the examples of M. Renan and Mr. Matthew Arnold, and give our translation in prose.

The Creatures' Song.

Oh Lord Most High, omnipotent good Lord, to whom is all praise, all glory, honor, and blessing,—the source of everything art Thou, and none is worthy to pronounce Thy name.

Praise unto Thee, Lord God, for all Thy creatures, above all for Brother Sun, who gives us his light, who gives us the day; beautiful is he, radiant with great splendor; and he is an Image of Thy glory, oh Lord!

For Sister Moon and for the Stars do we give Thee praise, which in the heavens Thou hast formed, so bright and fair.

Praise unto Thee for Brother Wind, for Air and Clouds, for Storm and Fair Weather; for by these are Thy creatures kept, oh Lord!

We do praise Thee for Sister Water, which is so useful to us, and humble, and precious, and so chaste.

For Brother Fire, oh Lord, we give Thee praise; by him Thou dost light up the night, and he is beautiful, friendly, and strong.

And for Mother Earth we praise Thee,—for the mother who rules over us and sustains us, who gives us many fruits, grass, and flowers of every hue.

Praised art Thou, oh Lord God, by all who through love of Thee forgive the wrong, by all who are long-suffering, and patient in tribulation, seekers after peace: in the heavens, oh Lord Most High, by Thee shall these be crowned!

And even for our Sister Death do we give Thee praise, oh Lord,—Death, from whom naught living shall escape. She bringeth woe to those who die in mortal sin! Blessed, thrice blessed, are they who die in conformity with Thy holy will; for them the second death has no terrors.

Praise ye the Lord, bless Him most thankfully; with deep humility serve ye the Lord.

The soul of St. Francis is in this canticle; joy and enthusiasm, poetry and exalted peace, humility and burning charity, all are here. Has he on the other hand any of the failings which are common to professors of religion? "Religious people nearly always think too much about themselves," says Mr. Ruskin, with whom

¹ Migne's Third Theological Encyclopædia, vol. liv.

it is pleasant to find ourselves in agreement. This is true alike of the ordinary men who live in society, and of the saints who live in solitude; and in truth nothing does so much to discredit religion in the minds of unthinking persons, as the narrowness, the pusillanimity, the overweening self-importance of too many professors of it. In St. Francis we find none of these failings; he is quite without spiritual pride; he is free from unhealthy self-consciousness, and he is humble with that unaffected humility which is so rare a virtue.

All we have quoted so far has been in favor of the saint; if he has had detractors, we have taken too little heed of them. It is seldom we hear the note of disparagement; men of all shades of opinion join in their praises of him, and none (not even the Franciscans themselves) can claim him exclusively as their own. He has of course been called a fanatic, as Gordon was called by the hard-headed men who dwell in Philistia; need we make an ill-use of words by dealing with such a charge? The hardest saying about St. Francis which we remember to have read, described him as a mere noisy friar, a compound of Peter the Hermit and the Flagellants. The writer, we think, was an American, of Boston; is it not possible that the ideas of respectability which prevail in that city may have influenced him unduly? An apostle of respectability and culture Francis certainly was not; he was only one of the world's great and original men. Yet even if we judge him by the standard which applies to the civic functionary, Francis would stand the test, in so far as it is worth anything. He was a man of gracious manners, of knightly courtesy, whose life was without guile; is not *this* respectable? But then he paid his tailor so little!

We have said that the Franciscans took the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; it was to the first of these vows that they gave a new significance. The great Order of the Jesuits would in a later day interpret anew the vow of obedience; and the other vow

(that of chastity), which is so distinctly personal a thing, had already by many saints been carried to its utmost limit. The mark of the founder of the order is seen most clearly in the Franciscan order of poverty; it is to this that he gave the genius of his individuality. No doubt it is an extreme doctrine, like the obedience which is prescribed by the Jesuits; and with the educated and uneducated world of to-day extreme forms of religious teaching are less in favor than ever. But what a depth of meaning there is in the Franciscan view of poverty. Not because the good St. Francis was apt to regard all property as possessing some dangerous quality of unholiness; not because he despised all the comforts of life; but because, holding this doctrine and carrying it out so inflexibly, he yet lived within the sphere of heroic virtue, of heroic sanctity. After such a life, can it be said with justice that poverty must be a hindrance to the growth of the spirit?

And it is here, it seems to us, that we should seek the message of Francis to our own time. In that narrative of the saint and his first followers, with their enthusiasm and purity, their romance, their poverty, and joyousness, is there not a lesson for us? To the politician, with his millennium of cakes and ale; to the man of science, with his millennium of intellect, what a better way is shown by the saint of Assisi! For it is not by means of the ballot-box, nor by a knowledge of physical laws, that you will help men to reach that land of our dreams, that home of the saints, which is the "City of God."

To preach in these days such a doctrine as that of St. Francis upon the subject of poverty, were to risk the charge of belonging to a secret society, intent upon gaining all power for the rich in order to enslave the poor. But if we look at the facts openly and fearlessly, what is it in truth that we see? Can we, by daily experience of life in human society, by the light of history, by politics or science, bring ourselves to believe that in the future course of things riches can ever be for all?

Even if wealth were the only good, is it not evident the majority can never attain it? Then is it becoming, is it human to tell the poor man by way of consolation that, by cultivating the instinct of self-preservation, he too may gain riches? At the best it is only one in a hundred (in reality it is less) that can possibly reach the goal of the moderately rich man; what will you say to all the ninety-and-nine who do not reach it? The hundredth man, who if self-made usually merits the description Heine gives of him, would have the ninety-nine find solace in meditating upon his achievements; but the humane man has other objects of veneration. His thoughts are rather with the humble souls who do not reach the goal, and he has no pride in the triumph of the one; it is after all such a paltry triumph.

Then is there in St. Francis's teaching a side which we may call modern? We need not attempt to carry out as he did the injunction: "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither have two coats apiece." Francis himself only required it of those who had taken the vow of poverty; he had the wisdom to see that such teaching cannot be carried out by all. But it is not in this way we should approach the question, for it is not thus we shall find the message of the saints to the poor. Let us find ground that is solid, where we need fear neither the economist, the politician, nor the worldling. If, then, St. Francis, having made poverty his bride, having forsworn all luxury and selfish pleasure, could even in this find an extra means of quickening that life of the spirit in which the riddle of the world is solved; if thus he could spend a life so exalted, yet so full of meekness and affection, as to gain for himself an everlasting place among the comforters and helpers of the human family; if indeed this be true (and it is true), who shall say there is in the story of such a life no meaning for a generation like ours? In that tale of sanctity, what a reproach for all those among us (and great is the number of

them) who are filled with envy and discontent, who cry out for luxury and vulgar pleasures, and in their despair flee for comfort to the demagogue, — in whom is no comfort. Poor, trusting souls, that give your pence to the agitator, what is your reward? Foolish talk, and vain promises, and fresh fuel for your discontent. Not through these passionate men will peace come to you; the peace you long for is the secret of the saints.

Now the controversies which to-day give an occupation and an advertisement to the leaders of the poor are, even to the poor themselves, of little more than ephemeral importance. Violent speeches in Hyde Park, and acts of Parliament multiplied to infinity, will not go far to solve our social problems; for these problems have their origin not so much in the difficulties of our warfare with nature, as in the average man's weakness of character, the impotence of his thought, and his unwillingness to burn incense to anything better than his lower self. If you give him a vote, and tell him that he is worthy to be king of the world, you will not in reality have helped him, and you will have said what is untrue.

Does St. Francis show us a better way? Does he speak to us clearly through the centuries, in words and acts that have for us a vital meaning? In any case the story of this life, sustained at such an altitude, must ever have an interest so long as men believe there is in the world a principle higher than appetite. We may, however, feel a vague interest in him without making him a "member of our body," without bringing home to ourselves the true import of his spiritual message. The saints of the Middle Ages come to us in a haze which their modern biographers have done little to dispel; everything we read of them is dressed in phrase and imagery which once were but are no longer the vesture of living thought. In trying then to portray such a man as St. Francis, we should make a change in the garment of his own and his biographers' thought;

and, unless the thought is unsound, it will stand the change. So far we have endeavored to do this, and we will do it further in answer to the final question, what is the message of St. Francis to the poor? For the answer is not one that can be put into a maxim, but must be sought in the spirit of his life.

Try then to see, through the mists of seven centuries, that saintly worker as he lived in Assisi. The outward man is depicted by many artists, whose portraits, faithful to the Franciscan tradition, may in a wide sense be accepted as true; there are several of them in those portions of our National Gallery which are devoted to the Italian schools of painting. The face is not one of great power, like Dante's; the features are small and perfectly regular, the eyes large and full of tenderness, the expression of the face suggestive of great meekness; it is of Tasso's type rather than Dante's. He is dressed in the coarse garb which is still worn by some of the Franciscans. Such was he outwardly; what was his way of life? His consuming desire was to shape his life by the divine pattern of the Gospels, in all things to carry out the commandments of his Master. What other saint has come so near as Francis to that condition of perfect peace and all-embracing love, that pure life of the spirit, which is to the Christian the final aim of human development?

He has forsworn luxury and pleasure, and he lives on the humblest fare; no mendicant is more sparsely fed, more coarsely clad than he. Yet in the usual sense of the word he is not an ascetic; he is light-hearted, joyous, without a touch of the gloom that overshadows so many of the spiritual sons of the great Bishop of Hippo. Francis has the lightness of soul and the soundness of feeling which belonged to the men of Galilee, and which remained a heritage in the Church, in spite of persecution, until the metaphysical spirit took possession of the province of religion. He sees things with the poets, not with the metaphysicians, and so it is well with him. For the poet sees

the world of men as it is, throbbing and alive, the other sees it only in embryo; and Francis is a poet, for he takes part with adequate emotion in the drama of human life. It is this poetic vision which gives him so unique a place; to feel with the poets and share their gift of expression, while you act with the saints, is to combine the highest and rarest of human qualities.

The victories of mind and will which are the aim of the stoic, Francis has left far behind; indeed he has never known them after Cato's manner. It is in a quite different order of thought and feeling that the spiritual life has its beginnings. The stoic has too much pride in his victory over the body; he regards it as an end in itself, and does not build thereon a house of beauty in which the spirit may dwell and rejoice. Francis has built such a spiritual temple, and adorned it with every Christian virtue; this too he has done under conditions in which a smaller man would have lost all simplicity of character. The praise which he received in his lifetime was in truth not far from worship; yet he never posed, never showed a trace of vanity. Is there a better test of a man's simple greatness of soul than this, that he shall be praised by all the world, and remain modest, humble in spite of it? Francis was great also by his constructive genius, for he brought about a religious revolution, but gave the world something better than he took away. Now all this was a personal work; he was not in any large sense the creature of his environment; indeed he was greatly above his age, and entirely opposed to its spirit. The lusts of feudalism were not confined to the knightly class; the whole social fabric was tainted by them. Is it possible for us to realize what it meant in that day to stand alone against the feudal world? A hundred tyrants no doubt had the wish and the power to take his head, and were restrained only by a vague awe of the unseen. The preacher of penance, charity, and brotherhood, of gentleness and forgive-

ness, was not a worker on the side of feudalism ; and the opposition which he had to face was a more formidable thing than the capricious public opinion of our own day.

In such a time to take the part of the poor and the oppressed, to seek them out and offer them the consolations of religion, was a better work than making war on the Saracens. Think well that Francis had no exterior aids ; he could not help the poor with money, for he was poorer than any of them ; he was penniless as he went from one place to another, and dependent upon alms for his bread from day to day. But he had need of little ; the daily wage of the match-maker would have kept him for a week. He did not, like the modern demagogue, play with the passions of the poor, and live at his ease upon the money he has wheedled out of them ; for the saint of Assisi had clear moral perceptions, and knew that robbery if veiled does not alter its nature. How then did Francis influence the poor ? By preaching to them the life of the spirit, and by this only. Trade disputes are things of a day ; like fevers and agitators they pass away and are forgotten ; but the life of the spirit remains, and is the one thing in the world that has an infinite value.

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MANETTE ANDREY; OR, LIFE DURING
THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY PAUL PERRET.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE rooms in the *appartement* of the Laverdacs that looked out upon the Quay were closed. The blinds were tightly fastened, and the curtains were drawn. The Citoyenne Laverdac lay on her white silk sofa with its pink embroidery. Four wax candles burned upon the chimney-piece in silver sconces. Their light fell on the amethyst silk draperies, and the old gold frames of the family portraits. The face of the councillor seemed almost to

have lost its stern expression ; the folds of his scarlet toga looked as if he stirred. The ladies smiled under their powdered heads.

These relics of the past looked as charming as ever, but that past was in point of time a thing of yesterday. It was to be regretted that in order to enjoy them it was necessary to live the life of those shut up in prison. The least ray of light seen from the street, one window incautiously opened, might have led to fatal consequences so near the Quay. Citizen Laverdac had therefore fastened up his windows as he did every evening, and was walking up and down his *salon*, the atmosphere of which was unbearably hot and close that summer night. Outside light breezes rocked the boughs of the trees along the river, and freshness seemed to blow along the Quay.

"Laurent, come here," said his wife's voice, and Laverdac obeyed her. Emilie made him sit down beside her on the edge of the sofa, and then, sitting up, she threw her arms about his neck. The slight constraint with which he submitted to this embrace did not discourage her. Little Emilie let her pretty head droop on her husband's shoulder, and began to bemoan herself :—

"What dreadful evenings we have now to pass, my poor dear Laurent ! We are shut up in a cage. We used to go to the theatres after dinner. Now we do not dare —"

"Yes," interrupted Laverdac, "all liberty is denied us under the present system. Even fresh air is interdicted in the name of liberty. All enjoyment, even of fine weather, is for the *sans-culottes*."

"It is all my fault, Laurent. You were talking of emigrating two years ago, you remember. We might then have gone to Switzerland. Perhaps we should have met my father there. How astonished he would have been to see us ! But I was so charmed with the pleasures of Paris that you were then showing me I did not wish to go away. Oh, dear, I am sorry for it now ! But it is too late."

"Yes, indeed it is too late. You were speaking of plays. It seems to me that we are spectators of a great drama. *Parbleu!* it would be a blessing if we could call the actors out and make them sensible of our opinion. But we cannot. The play may last a good while longer."

"Perhaps we shall none of us see its end."

Here little Emilie gave a deep sigh, loosened her arms from her husband's neck, and sank back on her sofa cushions.

"Oh, dear! how hot it is!" she cried.

Laverdac resumed his walk up and down the *salon*.

"The last are now first," he said, "and these dregs of society are disgusting. Every man nowadays seems more or less a coward. If honest men would but combine to take a stand and sell their lives dearly! If they would only attempt to defend their wives, their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, — all those that they love best! But that is what they will not do."

"No," said Emilie, with a yawn, "they don't try to, as you say. But then, alas! what can they do? There is nothing to be done."

"That's a mistake," he answered, stopping suddenly; "I, for my part, see something I could do. I could kill one of them."

Emilie half rose, and leaned upon her elbow.

"Laurent," she said, "what a horrid thought! Ask our uncle, the councillor up there, what he would say to it."

"He was condemning people to death all his life," cried Laverdac. "It was his duty to see that all men should have justice. He would not think it wrong of me, I think, to do as he did."

"Oh! but," said Emilie, with a little careless laugh, "think of the commandment: Thou shalt do no murder."

"But this would be an execution, — real, true justice. You know it would, Emilie. What I have just said has made its way even into your little, bird-like brain."

"Thank you, Laurent. *Little* is the right word for such a compliment."

Laurent turned, came back, sat down beside her on the edge of the sofa, and seized her two hands.

"Tell me, do you really think it would be a crime to kill one of those whose trade is killing us?"

"Oh, dear me, no! But you are talking nonsense, Laurent; and, as I said just now, it is so hot. Laurent, please give me a glass of lemonade."

Laverdac rose.

"You have decided it," he said.

"Yes, decidedly I wish for it. I am so thirsty. What a queer man you seem this evening."

He went into the next room, and came back a moment after, carrying a glass which was quite full, in a hand that trembled.

She drank its contents eagerly. He looked at her with so strange a face that she gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh, what a naughty, greedy boy you are!" she cried. "You are quite angry with me for having drunk up every single drop."

"You are wrong," he said, taking the empty glass from her hand and setting it on the table; "I am not thirsty."

He resumed his walk.

"How things are changed!" said Emilie, lying back on her couch, more languid than before. "If we had been shut up a year ago within four walls as we are now — Ah! if we could only be just as we were a year ago. But I am not sure I ought to say it."

"Why shouldn't you say anything to me, my darling?"

"Well, then, Laurent, it seems to me that this time last year you took more pleasure in loving me."

Laverdac started.

"And you — are you just what you were then, Emilie?"

"No, I think I am less trustful. Don't tell me it is not so. I cannot argue with you this evening. Laurent, it seems to me that I am very sleepy."

"Why don't you go to bed, then? I will help you to undress."

"No; I will go to sleep just here. It will be something new. Oh, heavens, there is so little that is new in our existence! But sit by me, Laurent. What will you do while I am asleep? Don't sit silent, thinking about Manette, who is so handsome. Oh, I know you do sometimes."

"I think you must be dreaming, my child, already."

She only answered by an inarticulate sound. A moment after she was fast asleep.

Laverdac, trying to step lightly, and to make no noise, came and leaned over the back of the sofa. He looked at her. Dear creature! Ah! very dear she had been once, so gentle, so tender, when not under the influence of some pang of jealousy. Oh, if she only knew what terrible cause she had to be jealous now!—and what had he done only a moment before!

Well!—how could he have helped it? Was it not absolutely necessary he should be free for a few hours? Two drops of a harmless anodyne in a glass of lemon syrup and water!

Day after day he had carried the phial about with him; day after day he had watched for his opportunity.

He shrugged his shoulders. No indeed! to administer that sleeping potion was no crime. He went to a corner near the fireplace, and took his sword-cane. A moment after he was in the street.

At a quick pace he passed the Collège des Quatres Nations and turned into the Rue de Seine. A lamp hung across the entrance of the street, creaking upon its chain; but the citizen lamplighter had neglected to light it.

On the right were houses all silent and in darkness; some were shut up, some were deserted. On the left was the high wall of the college building. Further on the entrance to the Rue Mazarine looked as black as a wolf's mouth. This dark, narrow street seemed to him such a fit place for being assaulted by a cut-throat that he involuntarily fingered the spring of his sword-cane. It was a dangerous weapon; with the long blade in one

hand and the stick itself in the other, he knew he could defend himself against several assailants. Besides he was extremely active and strong.

It caused him a little shock to feel that he had been thinking at that moment about self-defence and personal danger. This was the very street along which, five months before, he had followed Manette Andrey who was escaping from her uncle's. He was passing along it now, once more to save her from danger. Was his courage failing him already as he thought that the task before him was a hundred times more dangerous than any assault that could be made on him in any street, however dark or lonely?

The street, growing wider as he walked on, stretched in a long, straight line before him. It was dotted at intervals by smoky lamps that the citizen lamplighter had not forgotten. Their dim light only marred the beauty of the clear, bright night. The lonely street seemed very empty. Behind the closed shutters of the houses not a ray of light was to be seen. Laverdac walked less rapidly than at first. He was thinking. For a month past he had been always thinking.

"Who will deliver me from that man?" she had cried.

"Who will deliver you?—a man of courage, a brave man who loves you," had been his answer, or something very like it. He could not recall his spoken words. What must Manette think now of his courage, of the help he had been so ready to offer, of the promise he had been so slow to fulfil? A whole month had passed since that night in the theatre.

Was it possible that for thirty days and thirty nights he had been debating within himself the question: Is it a crime to kill one who, if you do not kill him may kill you? The ordinary rules of ethics and morality did not seem made for these abnormal times. Old prejudices of education, nay, even of religion, all the habits of his pleasure-loving life, had not wholly lost their power. Alas! his lot was cast in times of war and tumult. Two hosts were

arrayed against each other. On one side were the victims, and men of blood upon the other. Was it for victims, in view of their own probable fate, to ask whether they had any right to seize the knife held at their throats, and strike back before it wounded them? Yet conscience shuddered at the thought. Surely conscience must be cowardly when it restrains us from defending those whom we most love.

Laverdac walked on with his head bent. Of course Manette must despise him for his readiness to speak, his tardiness to act. Hers was a bolder, prompter nature than his own. She had suggested this act of justice. She had said: "Who will deliver me?" Laverdac had answered, "I am that man," and he had not done it!

Absorbed in these thoughts he walked on along the silent street. All at once he heard a noise, loud talking, women's voices, shouts of laughter. A noisy group was turning out of the Rue Jacob. There were three women in their summer dresses, looking like specks of white in the dimly lighted street. They wore hats with many plumes and artificial flowers, and were escorted by a man in a *bonnet rouge*. They were probably on their way to the garden of the Palais-Egalité, which no respectable person set foot in after dark. Laverdac, to avoid them, was about to cross the street. He did not, however, escape an encounter with the man, who accused him of having spoken contemptuously to one of the women. Cursing and swearing, he rushed upon Laverdac with his club. Laverdac parried the blow, and by a skilful flourish of his own cane sent the weapon flying to a distance. The man, finding himself disarmed, took to his heels, as the women had already done. There was a rustle of women's skirts, and the patter of the man's hob-nailed shoes upon the pavement. Laverdac remained master of the field of battle. He laughed to himself, and said half aloud, "The same result might take place if one hundred honest men would undauntedly make a stand against one thousand *sans-culottes*."

But honest men were scarce, and Laverdac began to fear that he had spoken out too loudly. The silence, however, was only broken by a low roar in the distance. He was in the street alone. He walked a little way along the Rue Jacob, then turned to the left, and passed through several very narrow streets which led into others, less crooked perhaps, but even more dark, built over the ancient moat of the fortified Abbey of Saint-Germain des Prés. After that he walked on rapidly; he was going towards the open space from whence rises the tall tower of the church with its square belfry. This was the point from which all the noise proceeded which he had heard in the silence of the Rue Jacob a few minutes before. Now all was changed. Pressed together in this open space before the church tower there was an eager crowd.

This crowd was largely composed of women. There were troops of them; an undulating mass of tri-colored handkerchiefs worn on the head. On the left, along the side of the abbot's palace, now closed, and with its wall pasted over with placards and advertisements, a dozen or so of harpies in *bonnets rouges* were standing before the door which led into that part of the building where the section held its sittings. Two torches, set between the iron bars which guarded the lower floor windows, lighted the entrance. These women were receiving reports fresh from the session of the section, which within was conducting its deliberations, and repeated what was told them to other and less noisy groups, on the church porch and in the space around them. They scolded and grumbled when too long an interval took place between the scraps of news. They were lavish in abuse of the men of the section. The men were lambs; they were chicken-hearted. Could they find nothing to be done against the enemies of the Revolution? Then a sudden clamor rose. Some man was passing in to the section. All the women clapped their hands. It was Buscaille. "He was going to blow up

the fires in the forge. What a clever old rascal he is!" they cried.

Laverdac, who was on the edge of the crowd, hesitated. It appeared to him too dangerous to shoulder his way through this pack of she-wolves, and then and there accomplish his purpose. Had he not better turn back, and attain the end promised and sworn to in some other way?

Meantime, several parties of men were coming down the streets once called the Rue Saint Benoist, and the Rue des Petits-Augustins. One man was walking by himself. He seemed rather to avoid the crowd of women. He kept close under the walls of the houses, on the side opposite to the church. Laverdac determined to walk close after him. It seemed a good idea. But, strange to say, though the man was a *sans-culotte*, the women jeered at him. "Lacroix!" they cried; "is he going to the section? He will find all against him there!"

Laverdac suddenly remembered. Had not Lacroix been president of the Section de l'Unité, superseded by Buscaille, and then unanimously expelled from the Jacobin Club? What for? *Parbleu!*—that was of small consequence. It struck Laverdac at once that this man whom he was following might be useful to him. He was useful even now as they threaded their way through these hideous women who were too much occupied with Lacroix to notice anything else. Hideous? The women were not all hideous, there were some pretty faces among them. Even at that dangerous moment Laverdac could hardly help looking after pretty girls. Lacroix walked on before him.

"Ho! Ho!" cried a hoarse voice, "is it true, Citizen Lacroix, that you run up the price of bread?"

Then followed laughter, yells, and hisses. Poor Lacroix! He was experiencing a reverse of fortune. He must be cherishing many bitter thoughts against the man who had worked his ruin. A bad man who desires to avenge his own wrongs, had before that time proved a useful instrument to

one who wanted to wreak vengeance in a good cause. Possibly a handful of gold would buy his services. Gold was so rare! Laverdac, as he walked on, thought of it.

Suddenly shouts rose from the door of the hall where the section held its sittings. The group of harpies had evidently received some news that delighted them. They held papers in their hands which they were distributing to other women, and passing from hand to hand. These papers were copies of the *Glaive Vengeur*—the Sword of Vengeance, which announced the last news from the Revolutionary Tribunal. That morning the Tribunal had sat in judgment on some Breton prisoners, called "authors of the conspiracy in Brittany." Twenty-seven had been arraigned, and twelve were condemned to death, amongst them three women. Only twelve to be guillotined! Well, at any rate, they would all go and see them as they went by on the death carts.

Laverdac had at last reached the edge of the open space. To get into the Rue du Four he had only to pass one more group of women, but they seemed disposed to notice him. "*Tiens!*" one cried, "here comes a *muscadin!*" Fortunately their attention was attracted in another direction. Lacroix was entering the section. He was saluted by invectives. Then followed loud clapping of hands. Buscaille had risen to speak. The women round the entrance were repeating what he said about the misplaced clemency of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Why had not all the conspirators of Brittany been sent to the guillotine? Laverdac started as he suddenly felt a hand upon his arm.

One of the women was offering him the bloody paper. The light of some torches near fell on her face. It was very pale and gentle, with eyes as blue as heaven. "Would you like a paper, citizen?" she said.

He took it, and hastened out of the crowd. A frenzy of loud shouts followed him. "Vive Buscaille!" Two hundred voices joined in the *Ca ira*.

He passed his hand over his face, mad anger seemed to course through all his veins. He must conquer it. Coolness was necessary. "*Ca ira ! Ca ira !*" he hissed through his clenched teeth. Yes ! he would hesitate no longer. All he had heard and seen that night had decided him. He had needed that experience to give him resolution. Was it possible that only a few moments before he had thought of delegating to another man — that Lacroix, whom he was convinced he could easily have purchased — the task of doing that which must be done ? The thought had been cowardly ; he was ashamed of it. What could have made him hesitate ? A fear that homicide could never be justifiable ? Ah ! but in that case he was about to do justice, — the only justice it was in his power to execute. He would kill *one* of them.

He would kill *one* of the men who flourished because others perished ; *one* of those wretches who hacked with knives and axes into the flesh and blood of France ; *one* of the brutes neck deep in blood and mire, who were laboring to pull down the glory and the greatness of their native land. He would kill *one* of them. Buscaille, or any other, *which*, little mattered to him. But *she* had said Buscaille, because Buscaille had dared to insult her by his advances. Because his life placed hers in peril, — hers, the most precious of all human lives ! Therefore his victim must be Buscaille.

The street in which he now found himself was empty, though it was only a few yards from the crowd massed around the section. It was darker and more crooked than any through which he had yet passed. The buildings on either side of it were very irregular. Some projected on the sidewalk, some stood back from the street, forming nooks in which any one who sought concealment would find himself in deep shadow. He walked on slowly, still arguing the matter with himself, bringing up reasons for and against his purpose, as if he were defending himself before an imaginary judge. He pleaded in his own behalf that no one

had ever accounted him a cruel man. Had he ever been bloodthirsty ? All he had cared for had been pleasure.

He had only fought two duels. In one he had been only too successful. His adversary had been badly wounded ; and how grieved he had been for his own victory ! Not till the wounded man was well again could he sleep in peace. He had become that man's best friend. The poor fellow was now an *émigré*, — starving perhaps, nay, probably dead. Another victim ! Everywhere were victims. Wherever a man turned he might hear stifled sobs ; for even widows had to endure their grief in silence, sorrow itself was now accounted crime. The Revolution had passed over the bodies and the souls of men, crushing all upon its course through a city it was fast depopulating ; a city full of empty houses, whose walls were covered with lists of the proscribed. And its "*car*," as the rascals called it in the language of the times, was going slowly forward — *Ca ira !* — but whither ?

Yes — still it was going onward, but death might come on faster. That very night one of those who drove the "*car*" might be the first of its victims. There would be an end of Buscaille before the death of the Breton conspirators who were to be executed upon the morrow. *Parbleu !* his life would be but a poor offering to the spirit of legitimate vengeance, — the savage, hideous wretch ! — better could it have been Marat ! But then it was not Marat, but Buscaille, who threatened the life and happiness of Manette !

Another street opened out of the Rue du Four, and out of that another, forming a very sharp turn — the Rue Guisarde. At the end of the angle so formed was a shop, still open, though it was eleven o'clock. It belonged to a man who sold wines and liquors. One small oil lamp was burning, the liquor-dealer was asleep with his head down on his counter ; nevertheless Laverdac's heart seemed to stand still as he passed through the circle of light made by the lamp's rays. With his *muscadin*

handkerchief he wiped his forehead. The street was narrower than those that had preceded it, and it was pervaded by a strange smell, which at first he could not account for. After a few moments, however, he found out it was a smell of hides and leather. The leather-dealers, he thought, must have more custom in those days than the people who sold silks and velvets. This thought, and many another, equally inconsistent with the supreme emotions of the moment, passed through the brain of Laverdac as he walked along. Why was the street called Guiscarde? Possibly, in other bloody times the Guiscards—soldiers of Guise—had lodged there. All was quiet now and silent, no one was awake in the dark street. Nay, to the right he suddenly perceived a streak of light—a sort of hole in the deep darkness.

It came from an archway without a door, which probably was the entrance into a courtyard,—a yard surrounded by a dwelling-house. On the upper story (there were only two) a candle was burning near a window without shutter or blind. The light fell on a cart loaded with straw, which apparently the owner had not had time to put away that evening. The straw crackled under something that stirred it gently; a low cackling seemed to come from the top. The owner's fowls were roosting in it for the night. The cock began to crow, and as he did so the candle in the attic was put out.

Laverdac stepped back into the street. Buscaille he knew lived in it. In the lists of the presidents of the Revolutionary Committees published in the papers, he had read "Marius Amable Buscaille, *sans-culotte*, Rue Guiscarde;" but in what part of the dark street did he live? The names of the inhabitants of each house were written up upon the doors, in virtue of a decree of the Commune, but the night was too dark to read them. With his flint he struck a spark out of the wall, and for the moment its light lasted he read the names over the first door. They were all unknown to him. Would he have to go in this way all down the

row of houses? That would probably be running a great risk of detection.

At the second door he came near giving a cry of triumph. At the head of a pretty tolerably long list he read, by the brief light of his spark, Marius Amable Buscaille. There was his house. He had tracked the wild beast to his lair.

He drew back quickly under the archway. He heard voices. People were turning into the street. They were women. How many? All could not be going to the same house. Suppose one of them lived in that house with the courtyard? He stood ready in that case to conceal himself under the cart. But suppose he should frighten the fowls? He might then be discovered.

They drew near. Now he heard what they were saying, for they did not lower their voices. They had no scruple about disturbing people who lay quietly asleep. "Yes!—a grand old rascal was that Buscaille. How splendidly he had given it to the Revolutionary Tribunal! It was a right down shame that they had not sent all the Bretons, male and female, to Citizen Sanson, the executioner. They said, however, that one of those to be guillotined was a young woman, the madam of a famous Chouan, who had died yonder of a fever, before the soldiers of the Revolution could lay hands on him. Well! they would like to see how she would look upon the cart."

Laverdac, in the shadow of the archway, felt a shiver run through his veins. Those furies, to-morrow morning, were going to see the Breton lady, young and beautiful, pass on the death cart! He could see her—see her now! She had the same features as Manette Andrey. It was she! That lovely head was about to fall! Oh, God! hast thou forgotten to be just and merciful? Wilt thou not suffer a man in such a case to do justice for thee!

He could not strike at the leaders, but he might strike at their subordinates. If he had to limit himself in his task, he would, as he had sworn: *Kill one!*

XIV.

THE party of clamorous, fierce women grew smaller and smaller, as one by one they turned in at their own doors. Two only passed the archway. One said, "I hope my babies have not been awake." The other one answered, "True, you have children. I wish I had; but my man says he does not want them. They interfere with the affairs of the nation."

They stopped only a few yards from Laverdac, and turned into a house close by,—that of Buscaille.

At that moment there came a sound of men's voices in the distance; soon they seemed to be entering the street. As they did so the sound of their talk became suddenly muffled. They had probably all gone into the *cabaret*. A new anxiety assailed Laverdac as he stood back in the shadow of the arch. Was the man whom he was waiting for—the man whose life or death he was holding in his hand—one of that party? Were the rest doing him honor as a patriot by escorting him home from the section, or did they all live in the Rue Guiscarde? Would they see him to his door?

If they did, he must put off the deed he had now nerved himself to do, until another opportunity; and after stalking his prey so carefully that night, he might be lost if one of the band lived in that courtyard.

The uncertainty was exasperating, and it was not of short duration. Tired of shouting, with their throats all dry, the sectionaries lingered in the rum-shop, drinking glass after glass. At last their voices became more distinct to Laverdac. They had made up their minds to go home to their beds. They were standing on the street before the wine-shop. They were exchanging parting words. All were clamoring at once. Laverdac could hardly distinguish what they said. Suddenly he heard one say distinctly, "See you to-morrow on the Place de la Revolution, Citizen Buscaille."

Here another voice struck up the *Carmagnole*.

Buscaille! then Buscaille was there,

and his companions were about to leave him, since they said, "See you to-morrow."

In a few moments he—Laverdac—would find himself alone with the man whom he stood there lurking in the darkness ready to kill. What should he say to him? It is but right to tell a man his crime before his execution. Should he begin his work by saying, "Citizen Buscaille, do you know Manette Andrey?"

The men grew noisier as they were about to separate. "Buscaille," cried one, "before you go to sleep don't forget the aristocrats you are so fond of in your prayers! May God the *ci-devant* see you safe to your own door! *Au revoir*, Buscaille!"

The party then broke up. The other men turned down the narrow street that led into the Rue du Four. Buscaille came along the Rue Guiscarde. The liquor-dealer made haste to put up his shutters, and closed the door of his establishment with a bang. After that there was no sound in the street save the clop clop of the irregular steps of the *sans-culotte* president. He staggered on, and the scabbard of his sword clanked against the pavement.

Laverdac stood ready for him, close up against the wall in the opening of the archway. Even then he was debating the matter with himself. Not that his courage failed him. He had sworn to *kill one*. Surely such killing was not murder.

But the prey coming straight towards him stopped suddenly. President Buscaille was evidently not firm on his thin legs, and was pausing to steady himself. So much of the light of reason as his libations had left him told him that he needed something to lean against if he wanted to reach his own door. Instinctively he edged up to the houses, and laid his hand upon the wall.

Laverdac was seized with a sense of grim amusement. He thought that the *ci-devant Dieu* whom the *sans-culotte* had invoked was not going to protect Buscaille this time. When he came to the open archway, and he missed

his support, he would stumble right into the arms of the man lying in wait for him. *Parbleu!* he would receive no *accolade fraternelle!*

The arm of the avenger shot suddenly out through the darkness, and seized the drunkard by the collar of his coat. From the coat collar the hand of iron in a moment grasped his throat, and pushed him back against the wall. He tried to step backward and to utter a hoarse cry. There was a brief struggle—it was not long. How could a man who had wrought so much evil prove so physically weak? There was hardly any resistance. The clink of the sabre against his legs—a rattle in his throat. The fowls on the cart were roused, and the cock gave a sudden crow.

Buscaille had ceased to stir. Laverdac let the corpse slip to the pavement, and stood over it for a moment, motionless, with a cold sweat on his forehead. Then he leaned over it, and felt for the heart.

He rose, repeating to himself half aloud: "Who will deliver me from that man?" It had been done. Manette was safe. He *had* delivered her.

He took the road back to his house. His feet seemed shod with a hundred pounds of lead. The cold sweat, which had broken out upon his forehead, now bathed his face. The streets were the same as those he had passed through an hour or so earlier. He had then been thinking what he should say to the poor devil before his execution—for it was an execution—he felt assured of that—and not a murder.

He had imagined himself saying, "Manette Andrey!—you will take her life if I spare yours. You have taken the lives of many others. Thanks to you, and such as you, the axe of the guillotine is never idle; you furnish it with work. You have borne false witness, you have robbed, and you have killed; now it is your turn. Die,—wretch and villain!"

But all this he had not said. Buscaille had been upon the point of crying out for help. He had to stifle that cry. With one grip of his strong hand

—he had not believed himself so strong—he had choked the life out of the reptile. Action is sometimes quicker than thought. And so things had fallen out. Buscaille lay dead, and had not heard his sentence; had never heard his crime.

The man who had taken upon himself to be both judge and executioner threaded the dark streets that then surrounded the abbey. They were all silent and deserted, and yet at every step he heard a noise behind him—a death rattle. It did not make him shudder now, as it had done at first; on the contrary he laughed, a short, sharp, cruel laugh. Could it be possible, as he had often read in books, that those that we have killed will haunt us? He went on at a madly rapid pace. Then suddenly he remembered that when Cain had committed his murder he fled.

Could anything be more absurd than such a thought! to compare Buscaille with Abel! But one cannot help thinking. Then suddenly he remembered that the one thing he ought to think of now had never occurred to him. He must be careful to avoid meeting any one, for he had still a long way to walk to reach the river, and he had not been taking the smallest precaution. Fool that he was! He had never thought of looking ahead of him, he might have stumbled, before he knew it, into a patrol of sectionaries. Any *muscadin* seen on the streets at night was an object of suspicion.

This salutary fear was like a cold douche falling on a fevered forehead. Self-preservation was the first law of nature. Devil take that human carcass he had left lying under the shadow of the archway! yes; and the devil would take the soul of that villain too,—provided he had ever had any. He must have got it already.

Laverdac had reached the Rue Jacob, and he was about to turn into the Rue de Seine. A long, straight piece of road stretched out before him, and for that reason it was the more dangerous. But he went on. He had recovered his self-possession. He

looked straight ahead with a keen eye, his step was alert, he even found himself humming a verse of the Carmagnole.

A poor little baby once
Was afraid of ghosts, you see;
But now with the Carmagnole
He's afraid of nothing,—not he.
For now with the Carmagnole
He sleeps as sound as can be!

Yes! he had been frightened by spectres. *Parbleu!* But it was only for a moment. The hallucination had been short, but he was sorry it had ever occurred. Alas! he could never tell Manette that he who had never felt afraid of Marat living, had been afraid of Buscaille lying dead—dead by his hand—dead because she had willed it. And still he hummed that verse about the ghosts. Who ever would have supposed that he would be singing the Carmagnole, even under his breath? He passed his hands again over his forehead; it now ached, and seemed to be on fire, and he fancied that perhaps he was going to have brain fever. Just then he came to the dead wall of the Collège des Quatre Nations; he was only a few yards from the Quay. So near home he was not afraid of meeting any one.

As he turned the corner of the building he saw the spot where four months before Manette had taken refuge, where he had put his arm round her while the mob of furies and *bonnets rouges* rushed past in pursuit of their prey. Then he had saved her life,—now he had saved it again. He drew himself up. His breath came more freely. What had he to be sorry for? Why need he repent? He had saved her.

In the *salon* where Emilie was sleeping, the wax candles burning low in the silver candlesticks alone marked the passage of time. He drew near the sofa and lifted the small hand that hung down. How cool and soft it was! Then suddenly he remembered what his own hand had just done, and drew it back precipitately. Yet, had he not put the momentous question to his wife before he gave her the ano-

dyne? Had he not asked her if it was a crime to kill one, who, if you let him live, would kill you? And little Emilie had carelessly replied, "*Oh! Mon Dieu—non!* But you are only talking!"

His action had been determined by these careless words. She did not know this,—she must never know. If to make away with such a one as Buscaille was no crime before God, or man, or nature—by which monsters are abhorred—he was well aware he had sinned against his wife. He had done the supreme deed of his life for the sake of another woman.

But he could not leave Emilie lying on the sofa. She would wonder why she had been allowed to lie there all night. She would begin to ask questions. She must wake up in her bed. With infinite precautions, and the most tender care, he undertook to undress her. His poor young wife, who suffered because she thought she was not now as much to him as she had once been, little knew, he thought, how dear she still was to him. He undid the fastenings of her dress, he untied her tapes and ribbons; he took the shoes and stockings from her little feet, and kissed them cautiously when he had done so. Then he regretted the kiss, and looked to see if a kiss from his lips might not have left on the white flesh a scorch-mark. He lifted her light form, and laid her in her bed, her garments, all but one, dropping from her on the carpet, then he flung off his own clothes, and lay down beside her. Emilie's head had slipped down from her pillow, he laid it on his shoulder, imprinting as he did so a kiss of remorse on her forehead.

Soon, however, he felt his eyelids droop. He was inexpressibly tired. He felt as if some spring in him were broken. Reaction had set in; and his stout, physical frame gave way. A moment after and he slept.

It was barely seven o'clock when Emilie arose and opened the windows of the *salon*, which looked out upon the Quay. It was a beautiful morning in the beautiful summer of 1793, the

like of which old men assured their juniors that they had never seen. The Seine, flooded with sunshine, seemed a floating mass of molten silver. At that early hour the Quay was deserted, and Emilie could breathe the fresh air without fear.

She gazed with delight into the cloudless sky, tinted with pink and violet, like the Eastern heavens. All at once the newspaper men and boys came round the corner of the Rue de Seine on to the Quay crying their papers.

They came in little groups, or by twos and threes, all wearing greasy *bonnets rouges* and tattered *carmagnoles*. Their faces were all frightful, their mouths distorted by their perpetual cries, their throats distended, their vocal chords burnt up by the fierce brandy with which they moistened them.

"Buy the perfidious murder of a patriot!" they cried. "Buy the tears shed by *L'Ami du Peuple* over the corpse of an incomparable citizen! — an innocent victim of the *ci devants*! Buy the *Journal of the Mountain*! Buy the crimes of Capet! Buy the declaration of the Rights of Men and Citizens by Robespierre! Down with the Federalists! Down with the Austrians she-wolf, now lying in the Temple! Buy the misdeeds of speculators! Down with jobbers! Buy the *Litanies of Sainte Guillotine* who opens the gates of Paradise!"

Emilie had drawn back from the window. But newspaper vendors were not in the habit of taking their stand on that quiet part of the Quay, and when they had passed she went back to the window. As she did so a last group came along, and she turned back, the voices of the criers following her through the open window into the *salon*.

"Buy the perfidious murder of a patriot!"

Emilie smiled. "Laurent will be glad of that," she said. "There is one less of them. They have killed one."

As she looked round the *salon* she

began to feel surprise. There were no wax candles in the silver candlesticks. They had burned out. On a chair lay the dress she had worn the night before. At the foot of the sofa were her pretty striped stockings, pink and brown, which she had been looking for in her bed-chamber. Then she began to remember. She recollected she had gone to sleep very early upon the sofa; that was why she had awakened that morning earlier than usual. But how could she have got undressed and into her bed?

She went back into the bed-chamber. Laurent was still sleeping. She called him softly, and he opened his eyes.

"Did you, dear boy," she asked, "undress me last night, and lay me here in my own place beside you?"

He answered yes, by a sign.

Then it was true. For weeks little Emilie had not felt so happy. He had waited upon her with his old tender care. He loved her as well as ever.

"Listen, Laurent," she said, "I want to do something pleasant, to-day."

"I should like it, too," he said. "Anything to change my thoughts. What shall we do?"

But what she proposed was not likely to change his thoughts. He loved her — loved her still, she now felt sure of that, but she wanted to know how much he cared for somebody else also. She would put him to the proof.

"Let us go and dine," she said, "at Friquet's; and then I should like to find out the real reason of that unaccountable caprice of Manette Cézarons. The last time we saw her she left us that beautiful supper to be paid for and not eaten. That must have been nearly a month ago. Let us take a cabriolet, and go and see the Cézarons."

She looked at him steadily. The test told her all she could wish to know. She had expected to see his eyes brighten, but there was no delight in them, and Laverdac's brow was wrinkled with a slight frown.

"Just as you like," he said.

The criers were again shouting along the Quay. Emilie began to laugh. "I know what they are saying," she said. "Perfidious assassination of a great patriot!"

Laverdac sprang up in his bed. "Who did it?" he cried. "Who do they say?"

"They don't say who was murdered, nor who killed him,—at least I did not hear. What do you care? It seems that Marat shed tears over this patriot."

Laverdac fell back upon his pillows. "Such tears would justify his death," he murmured. "It is not a crime."

He lay motionless. He had closed his eyes. Emilie gave a sigh of disappointment, for she had another question she had wanted to ask him. Laverdac had not told her how she had come to fall asleep so early in the evening.

She would not, however, rouse him. He had been so good to her the night before; and besides he had shown no inclination to pay that visit to the Cézaron.

Manette, her rival thought, would have been little pleased could she have seen how indifferent her admirer had now become about her.

So little Emilie went back into the *salon* with her heart at rest, and sat down at the window, behind a curtain so drawn that she could not be seen from the street.

The window, being open, let in a little breeze from over the river. Having nothing to do while Laurent lay asleep, she began to question herself concerning her causes of jealousy.

She had been too ready to take alarm. Manette was not so very much to blame. Such a man as Laurent could not fail to attract any woman. Any one of them would of course be pleased if he admired her. He had paid some attentions to the Citoyenne Cézaron, and she was hardly to be blamed if she had smiled and encouraged him. Emilie had gone through such experiences once or twice before, and knew that it was not an easy thing to keep the man who belonged to her

all to herself. Nevertheless, she felt a strong determination to keep him; a determination so strong as even to astonish herself.

If she lost him her all would be taken from her. She was one of those beings made by nature always to lean on some one stronger than herself, to be safe under his protection, and happy in his tender love. Once he had said to her, laughing, "If they cut off my head and leave you a widow you will have to take another husband. Oh! I know you would fancy at first you could love nobody but me; but you would do it all the same. You could not exist alone." This speech had made a quarrel between them for two days. The remembrance of this injustice upon his part made her still angry. But then he had been so good—so much better than she had dared to hope, since he clearly had not been captivated by Manette's charms. Emilie could acknowledge those charms now that Laurent had not yielded to temptation. What had he ever done for the Citoyenne Cézaron except to defend her in an evil moment, when any true man would have done the same?

Again the crier passed along the Quay. "Buy the tears shed by Marat over the bereavement of the Republic!" "Buy the murder of the great Patriot Buscaille in the Rue Guiscarde, which is from henceforth to be known as the Rue des Sans-Culottes!"

"Buscaille!" cried little Emilie. "Then it is Buscaille who has been murdered! Whoever did that did an unconscious service to Manette Cézaron; oh, yes!—a far greater service than Laurent ever did for her!"

Citoyenne Laverdac asked herself with a laugh whether she had not better wake up her husband and tell him the news; but at that moment the noise of a carriage coming from the direction of the Pont Neuf attracted her attention. It was the first carriage that had passed that day, and she hurried to the window to see where it was going. She raised the curtain. It was a cabriolet. Two women were

in it, both in black. One was young, the other, who looked like a servant, was elderly. Could her eyes deceive her ?

No ; the carriage stopped before their house. Manette got out of it. Her cap was made of crape, with a broad, black ribbon, to which was pinned the inevitable cockade, the civic passport for both man and woman. Why was Manette in mourning ?

Emilie ran to the door of her apartment and opened it, seizing by the arm the friend who once, for an hour, had seemed very dear to her, and whom she no longer suspected to be her rival. She drew her into the *salon*. Old Brigitte followed them. Manette was very pale. Emilie clung to her arm caressingly. "You here ? — so early ? — and alone ?"

"And are you alone at home ?"

"No ; Laurent is in bed still."

"M. de Laverdac is asleep, then," said Manette, in her clear, full voice, in which there was a sarcastic sound. "Has he been asleep for a whole month ?"

"I know what you mean," said Emilie, blushing. "We have been a long time in coming to see you. But since that evening when you left us so suddenly, without waiting for the supper — well, I was a little vexed, but Laurent excused you. Laurent is so changed. We never go anywhere now. He does not seem to care to go. He seems to have something on his mind."

"Oh ! no doubt — thoughts that never lead to action. He is like all the rest of the world."

"What do you expect him to do more than other people ? But I will go and wake him up. He would be so sorry not to see you."

"No," said Manette, holding her back, "do not put the courage and the sympathy of M. de Laverdac to the proof. If he could have saved us — Claude and me — from the misfortune that has come upon us, he would have tried to, I am sure."

"A misfortune ? — you and your husband ?"

"But he could have done nothing, — could not have tried to do anything, you have just said so yourself."

"What can have happened then ?" said Emilie.

"Claude was arrested last night."

"Arrested !" cried Emilie, flinging her arms round her friend's neck ; "Oh ! *mon Dieu !*"

On foot in the bed-chamber, behind the door, which stood ajar, Laverdac listened, not losing one of Manette's words. He felt struck to the earth by what he heard.

No ! he had not slept for a month. He *had* had something on his mind, a project in his heart. Emilie had perceived it ; she bore him witness. No ; his thoughts had not been vain, they had resulted in a horrible action — all too late !

He could not show himself. He could not cry to Manette : What I swore to do for you I have done ! Do not tell me it was done too late ! I did it ! I am not the coward at whom you sneer, Citoyenne Cézaron. I am a man to whom your wish is law, who for love of you has cut short a man's life. And ah ! you do not know what it has cost me !

He could not cry out thus. Emilie was there, and her presence condemned him to suffer all in silence.

"*Mon Dieu !*" cried Emilie to Manette, "what will become of you ?"

The little Citoyenne Laverdac was all in tears.

"Where are you going with that look of despair, and your face so white ? Alas ! when those scoundrels have laid hold of a good man they hold him tight. Have you any hope that they will give you back your Claude ? Ah ! if we could only help you ! But stay, you know that Laurent once knew Fabre d'Eglantine, Danton's friend. If he would only interfere."

"I do not believe in any assistance from M. de Laverdac," said Manette. "I expect no help from anybody now. All is lost for Claude and me. My turn will come next. I might have waited for it at my own home, but a thought struck me. I am in haste, but

I thought as I went by here I would tell you what had happened. All who have had any hand in it ought to see their own work. I am going to seek a brief refuge at my uncle's. When I enter his house I shall say: 'Here I am. I have come back that you may finish your work. Give me up as you were going to do if I had not escaped. Give me up as you have done him who was almost your son. Uncle, send for Buscaille! It was he who denounced Claude to the police of the committees. He is waiting for the other half of his prey!'

"Buscaille? But have you not heard what is crying in the streets? At least you have nothing more to fear from Buscaille! He is dead!"

Old Brigitte, who had said nothing till that moment, here uttered a cry. Manette hardly breathed.

"Did you say he was dead?"

"Murdered last night."

The chamber door was thrown open. Laverdac stood on the threshold. His face was ghastly white.

"Citoyenne Cézaron, your help has come too late!"

From The Nineteenth Century.
SOME GREAT CHURCHES OF FRANCE.

BY WALTER PATER.

I.

NOTRE-DAME D'AMIENS.

THE greatest and purest of Gothic churches, Notre-Dame d'Amiens, illustrates, by its fine qualities, a characteristic secular movement of the beginning of the thirteenth century. Philosophic writers of French history have explained how, in that and in the two preceding centuries, a great number of the more important towns in eastern and northern France rose against the feudal establishment, and developed severally the local and municipal life of the commune. To guarantee their independence therein they obtained charters from their formal superiors. The charter of Amiens served as the model for many other communes.

Notre-Dame d'Amiens is the church of a commune. In that century of Saint Francis, of Saint Louis, they were still religious. But over against monastic interests, as identified with a central authority—king, emperor, or pope—they pushed forward the local, and, so to call it, secular authority of their bishops, the flower of the "secular clergy" in all its mundane astuteness, ready enough to make their way as the natural protectors of such townships. The people of Amiens, for instance, under a powerful episcopal patron, invested their civic pride in a vast cathedral, outrivalling neighbors, as being in effect their parochial church, and promoted there the new, revolutionary, Gothic manner, at the expense of the derivative and traditional, Roman or Romanesque, style, the imperial style, of the great monastic churches. Nay, those grand and beautiful *people's* churches of the thirteenth century, churches pre-eminently of "Our Lady," concurred also with certain novel humanistic movements of religion itself at that period, above all with the expansion of what is reassuring and popular in the worship of Mary, as a tender and accessible, though almost irresistible, intercessor with her severe and awful Son.

Hence the splendor, the space, the novelty, of the great French cathedrals in the first Pointed style, monuments for the most part of the artistic genius of laymen, significant pre-eminently of that queen of Gothic churches at Amiens. In most cases those early Pointed churches are entangled, here or there, by the constructions of the old round-arched style, the heavy, Norman or other, Romanesque chapel or aisle, side by side, though in strong contrast with, the soaring new Gothic of nave or transept. But of that older manner of the round arch, the *plein-cintre*, Amiens has nowhere, or almost nowhere, a trace. The Pointed style, fully pronounced, but in all the purity of its first period, found here its completest expression. And while those venerable, Romanesque, profoundly characteristic, monastic churches, the

gregarious product of long centuries, are for the most part anonymous, as if to illustrate from the first a certain personal tendency which came in with the Gothic manner, we know the name of the architect under whom, in the year A.D. 1220, the building of the church of Amiens began—a layman, Robert de Luzarches.

Light and space—floods of light, space for a vast congregation, for all the people of Amiens, for their movements, with something like the height and width of heaven itself enclosed above them to breathe in; you see at a glance that this is what the ingenuity of the Pointed method of building has here secured. For breadth, for the easy flow of a processional torrent, there is nothing like the “ambulatory,” the aisle of the choir and transepts. And the entire area is on one level. There are here no flights of steps upward as at Canterbury, no descending to dark crypts, as in so many Italian churches—a few low, broad steps to gain the choir, two or three to the high altar. To a large extent the old pavement remains, though almost worn out by the footsteps of centuries. Priceless, though not composed of precious material, it gains its effect by ingenuity and variety in the patterning, zigzags, chequers, mazes, prevailing respectively in white and grey, in great square, alternate spaces—the original floor of a mediæval church for once untouched. The massive square bases of the pillars of a Romanesque church, harshly angular, obstruct, sometimes cruelly, the standing, the movements, of a multitude of persons. To carry such a multitude conveniently round them is the matter-of-fact motive of the gradual chiselling away, the softening of the angles, the graceful compassing, of the Gothic base, till in our own Perpendicular period it all but disappears. You may study that tendency appropriately in the one church of Amiens; for such in effect Notre-Dame has always been. That circumstance is illustrated by the great font, the oldest thing here, an oblong trough, perhaps an ancient saintly coffin, with

four quaint, prophetic figures at the angles, carved from a single block of stone. To it, as to the baptistery of an Italian town, not so long since all the babes of Amiens used to come for christening.

Strange as it may seem, in this “queen” of Gothic churches, *l'église ogivale par excellence*, there is nothing of mystery in the vision, which yet surprises, over and over again, the eye of the visitor who enters at the western doorway. From the flagstone at one's foot to the distant keystone of the *chevet*, noblest of its species—reminding you of how many largely graceful things, sails of a ship in the wind, and the like!—at one view the whole is visible, intelligible; the integrity of the first design; how later additions affixed themselves thereto; how the rich ornament gathered upon it; the increasing richness of the choir; its glazed triforium; the realms of light which expand in the chapels beyond; the astonishing boldness of the vault, the astonishing lightness of what keeps it above one; the unity, yet the variety of perspective. There is no mystery here, and, indeed, no repose. Like the age which projected it, like the impulsive communal movement which was here its motive, the Pointed style at Amiens is full of excitement. Go, for repose, to classic work, with the simple vertical law of pressure downwards, or to its Lombard, Rhenish, or Norman derivatives. Here, rather, you are conscious restlessly of that sustained equilibrium of oblique pressure on all sides, which is the essence of the hazardous Gothic construction, a construction of which the “flying buttress” is the most significant feature. Across the clear glass of the great windows of the triforium you see it, feel it, at its Atlas-work audaciously. “A pleasant thing it is to behold the sun,” those first Gothic builders would seem to have said to themselves; and at Amiens, for instance, the walls have disappeared; the entire building is composed of its windows. Those who built it might have had for their one and only purpose to enclose as large a

space as possible with the given material.

No; the peculiar Gothic buttress, with its double, triple, fourfold flights, while it makes such marvels possible, securing light and space and graceful effect, relieving the pillars within of their massiveness, is not a restful architectural feature. Consolidation of matter naturally on the move, security for settlement in a very complex system of construction—that is avowedly a part of the Gothic situation, the Gothic problem. With the genius which contended, though not quite always successfully, with this difficult problem, came also novel æsthetic effect, a whole volume of delightful æsthetic effects. For the mere *melody* of Greek architecture, for the sense as it were of music in the opposition of successive sounds, you got *harmony*, the richer music generated by opposition of sounds in one and the same moment; and were gainers. And then, in contrast with the classic manner, and the Romanesque survivals from it, the vast complexity of the Gothic style seemed, as if consciously, to correspond to the richness, the expressiveness, the thousandfold influence of the Catholic religion, in the thirteenth century still in natural movement in every direction. The later Gothic of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, tended to conceal, as it now took for granted, the structural use of the buttress, for example; seemed to turn it into a mere occasion for ornament, not always pleasantly; while the ornament was out of place, the structure failed. Such falsity is far enough away from what at Amiens is really of the thirteenth century. In this pre-eminently “secular” church, the execution, in all the defiance of its method, is direct, frank, clearly apparent, with the result not only of reassuring the intelligence, but of keeping one’s curiosity also continually on the alert, as we linger in these restless aisles.

The integrity of the edifice, together with its volume of light, has, indeed, been diminished by the addition of a range of chapels, beyond the proper

limits of the aisles, north and south. Not a part of the original design, these chapels were formed for private uses in the fourteenth century, by the device of walling in and vaulting the open spaces between the great buttresses of the nave. Under the broad but subdued sunshine which falls through range upon range of windows, reflected from white wall and roof and gallery, soothing to the eye, while it allows you to see the delicate, carved work in all its refinement of touch, it is only as an after-thought, an artificial after-thought, that you regret the lost stained glass, or the vanished mural color, if such to any large extent there ever were. The best stained glass is often that stained by weather, by centuries of weather, and we may well be grateful for the amazing cheerfulness of the interior of Amiens, as we actually find it. Windows of the richest remain, indeed, in the apsidal chapels; and the rose-windows of the transepts are known, from the prevailing tones of their stained glass, as Fire and Water, the western rose symbolizing in like manner Earth and Air, as respectively green and blue. But there is no reason to suppose that the interior was ever so darkened as to prevent one’s seeing, really and clearly, the dainty ornament, which from the first abounded here; the floriated architectural detail; the broad band of flowers and foliage, thick and deep and purely sculptured, above the arches of nave and choir and transepts, and wreathing itself continuously round the embedded piers which support the roof; with the woodwork, the illuminated metal, the magnificent tombs, the jewellers’ work in the chapels. One precious, early thirteenth-century window of *grisaille* remains, exquisite in itself, interesting as evidence of the sort of decoration which originally filled the larger number of the windows. *Grisaille*, with its lace-work of transparent grey, set here and there with a ruby, a sapphire, a gemmed medallion, interrupts the clear light on things hardly more than the plain glass, of which, indeed, such windows are mainly com-

posed. The finely designed frames of iron for the support of the glass, in the windows from which even this decoration is gone, still remain, to the delight of those who are knowing in the matter.

Very ancient light, this seems, at any rate, as if it had been lying imprisoned thus for long centuries; were, in fact, the light over which the great vault originally closed, now become almost substance of thought, one might fancy,—a mental object or medium. We are reminded that after all we must of necessity look on the great churches of the Middle Ages with other eyes than those who built or first worshipped in them; that there is something verily worth having, and a just equivalent for something else lost, in the mere effect of time, and that the salt of all æsthetic study is in the question: What, precisely what, is this to *me*? You and I, perhaps, should not care much for the mural coloring of a mediæval church, could we see it as it was; might think it crude, and in the way. What little remains of it at Amiens has parted, indeed, in the course of ages, with its shrillness and its coarse grain. And in this matter certainly, in view of Gothic polychrome, our difference from the people of the thirteenth century is radical. We have, as it was very unlikely they should have, a curiosity, a very pleasurable curiosity, in the mere working of the stone they built with, and in the minute facts of their construction, which their coloring, and the layer of plaster it involved, disguised or hid. We may think that in architecture stone is the most beautiful of all things. Modern hands have replaced the color on some of the tombs here—the effigies, the tabernacles above—skilfully as may be, and have but deprived them of their dignity. Mediæval coloring, in fact, must have improved steadily, as it decayed, almost till there came to be no question of color at all. In architecture, close as it is to men's lives and their history, the visible result of time is a large factor in the realized æsthetic value, and what a true archi-

tect will in due measure always trust to. A false restoration only frustrates the proper ripening of his work.

If we may credit our modern eyes, then, those old, very secular builders aimed at, they achieved, an immense cheerfulness in their great church, with a purpose which still pursued them into their minuter decoration. The conventional vegetation of the Romanesque, its blendings of human or animal with vegetable form, in cornice or capital, have given way here, in the first Pointed style, to a pleasanter, because more natural, mode of fancy; to veritable forms of vegetable life, flower or leaf, from meadow and woodside, though still, indeed, with a certain survival of the grotesque in a confusion of the leaf with the flower, which the subsequent Decorated period will wholly purge away in its perfect garden borders. It was not with monastic artists and artisans that the sheds and workshops around Amiens Cathedral were filled, as it rose from its foundations through fifty years; and those lay schools of art, with their communistic sentiment, to which in the thirteenth century the great episcopal builders must needs resort, in the natural course of things would tend towards naturalism. The subordinate arts also were no longer at the monastic stage, borrowing inspiration exclusively from the experiences of the cloister, but belonged to guilds of laymen—smiths, painters, sculptors. The great confederation of the "city," the commune, subdivided itself into confederations of citizens. In the natural objects of the first Pointed style there is the freshness as of nature itself, seen and felt for the first time; as if, in contrast, those older cloistral workmen had but fed their imagination in an embarrassed, imprisoned, and really decadent manner, on mere reminiscence of, or prescriptions about, things visible.

Congruous again with the popularity of the builders of Amiens, of their motives, is the wealth, the freedom, and abundance of popular, almost secular, teaching, here afforded, in the carving especially, within and without; an

open Bible, in place of later legend, as at monastic Vézelay,—the Bible treated as a book about men and women, and other persons equally real, but blent with lessons, with the liveliest observations, on the lives of men as they were then and now, what they do, and how they do it, or did it then, and on the doings of nature which so greatly influence what man does; together with certain impressive metaphysical and moral ideas, a sort of popular scholastic philosophy, or as if it were the virtues and vices Aristotle defines, or the characters of Theophrastus, translated into stone. Above all, it is to be observed that as a result of this spirit, this "free" spirit, in it, art has at last become personal. The artist, as such, appears at Amiens, as elsewhere, in the thirteenth century; and, by making his personal way of conception and execution prevail there, renders his own work vivid and organic, and apt to catch the interest of other people. He is no longer a Byzantine, but a Greek—an unconscious Greek. Proof of this is in the famous *Beau-Dieu* of Amiens, as they call that benign, almost classically proportioned figure, on the central pillar of the great west doorway; though, in fact, neither that, nor anything else on the west front of Amiens, is quite the best work here. For that we must look rather to the sculpture of the portal of the south transept, called, from a certain image there, *Portail de la Vierge dorée*, gilded at the expense of some unknown devout person at the beginning of the last century. A presentation of the mystic, the delicately miraculous, story of Saint Honoré, eighth bishop of Amiens, and his companions, with its voices, its intuitions, and celestial intimations, it has evoked a correspondent method of work at once naïve and nicely expressive. The *rose*, or *roue*, above it, carries on the outer rim seventeen personages, ascending and descending—another piece of popular philosophy—the wheel of fortune, or of human life.

And they were great brass-founders, surely, who at that early day modelled

and cast the tombs of the Bishops Evrard and Geoffrey, vast plates of massive black bronze in half-relief, like abstract thoughts of those grand old prelatie persons. The tomb of Evrard, who laid the foundations (*qui fundamenta hujus basilicæ locavit*), is not quite as it was. Formerly it was sunk in the pavement, while the tomb of Bishop Geoffrey opposite (it was he closed in the mighty vault of the nave: *hanc basilicam culmen usque perduxit*), itself vaulted over the space of the grave beneath. The supreme excellence of those original workmen, the journeymen of Robert de Luzarches and his successor, would seem, indeed, to have inspired others, who have been at their best here, down to the days of Louis the Fourteenth. It prompted, we may think, a high level of execution, through many revolutions of taste in such matters: in the marvellous furniture of the choir, for instance, like a whole wood, say a thicket of old hawthorn, with its curved topmost branches spared, slowly transformed by the labor of a whole family of artists, during fourteen years, into the stalls, in number one hundred and ten, with nearly four thousand figures. Yet they are but on a level with the Flamboyant carved and colored enclosures of the choir, with the histories of John the Baptist, whose face-bones are here preserved, and of Saint Firmin—popular saint, who protects the houses of Amiens from fire. Even the screens of forged iron around the sanctuary, work of the seventeenth century, appear actually to soar, in their way, in concert with the airy Gothic structure; to let the daylight pass as it will; to have come, they too, from smiths, odd as it may seem at just that time, with some touch of inspiration in them. In the beginning of the fifteenth century they had reared against a certain bald space of wall, between the great portal and the western "rose," an organ, a lofty, many-chambered, veritable house of church music, rich in azure and gold, finished above at a later day, not incongruously, in the quaint, pretty manner of Henri-Deux.

And those who are interested in the curiosities of ritual, of the old provincial Gallican "uses," will be surprised to find one where they might least have expected it. The reserved Eucharist still *hangs* suspended in a pyx, formed like a dove, in the midst of that lamentable "glory" of the eighteenth century in the central bay of the sanctuary, all the poor, gaudy, gilt rays converging towards it. There are days in the year in which the great church is still literally filled with reverent worshippers, and if you come late to service you push the doors in vain against the closely serried shoulders of the good people of Amiens, one and all in black for church holiday attire. Then, one and all, they intone the *Tantum ergo* (did it ever sound so in the Middle Ages ?) as the Eucharist, after a long procession, rises once more into its resting-place.

If the Greeks, as at least one of them says, really believed there could be no true beauty without bigness, that thought certainly is most specious in regard to architecture ; and the thirteenth-century church of Amiens is one of the three or four largest buildings in the world, out of all proportion to any Greek building, both in that and in the multitude of its external sculpture. The chapels of the nave are embellished without by a double range of single figures, or groups, commemorative of the persons, the mysteries, to which they are respectively dedicated — the gigantic form of Christopher, the Mystery of the Annunciation.

The builders of the church seem to have projected no very noticeable towers ; though it is conventional to regret their absence, especially with visitors from England, where, indeed, cathedral and other towers are apt to be good, and really make their mark. Robert de Luzarches and his successors aimed rather at the domical outline, with its central point at the centre of the church, in the spire or *flèche*. The existing spire is a wonderful mass of carpentry of the beginning of the

sixteenth century, at which time the lead that carefully wraps every part of it was heavily gilt. The great western towers are lost in the west front, the grandest, perhaps the earliest, example of its species — three profound, sculptured portals ; a double gallery above, the upper gallery carrying colossal images of twenty-two kings of the house of Judah, ancestors of Our Lady ; then, the great rose ; above it the ringers' gallery, half masking the gable of the nave, and uniting at their topmost stories the twin, but not exactly equal or similar, towers, oddly oblong in plan, as if never intended to carry pyramids or spires. They overlook an immense distance in those flat, peat-digging, black and green regions, with rather cheerless rivers, and are the centre of an architectural region wider still — of a group to which Soissons, far beyond the woods of Compiègne, belongs, with St. Quentin, and, towards the west, a too ambitious rival, Beauvais, which has stood, however — what we now see of it — for six centuries.

It is a spare, rather sad world at most times that Notre-Dame d'Amiens thus broods over ; a country with little else to be proud of ; the sort of world, in fact, which makes the range of conceptions embodied in these cliffs of quarried and carved stone all the more welcome as a hopeful complement to the meagreness of most people's present existence, and its apparent ending in a sparsely built coffin under the flinty soil, and grey, driving sea-winds. In Notre-Dame, therefore, and her sisters, there is not only a common method of construction, a single definable type, different from that of other French latitudes, but a correspondent common sentiment also ; something which speaks, amid an immense achievement just here of what is beautiful and great, of the necessity of an immense effort in the natural course of things, of what you may see quaintly designed in one of those hieroglyphic carvings — *radix de terra sitiendi*, "a root out of a dry ground."

From The Contemporary Review.
RELIGION AND MORALITY.¹

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

YOU ask me—first, How I understand the word *religion*; and, second, Whether I admit the existence of morality, independent of religion as understood by me. I will answer these most important questions, well put by you, as best I can.

There are three separate meanings implied by the word *religion*. First—That religion is a certain true revelation given by God to men, from which proceeds the worship of God by men. Such an interpretation is applied to religion by all believers in one of its existing forms, who regard in consequence their particular form as the only true one. Second—That religion is a collection of superstitious statements, from which a worship equally superstitious is derived. Such an interpretation is applied to religion by sceptics in general; by those, that is, who do not believe in the religion they are defining. Third—That religion is a compilation of propositions and rules, invented by clever men, and a necessity for the vulgar herd, as much for their consolation as for their subjugation and the restraint of their passions. Such an interpretation is applied to religion by those indifferent to it personally, but who regard it as a useful instrument in the governance of mankind.

By the first definition, religion is an indubitable and irrefragable truth, the propagation of which amongst all men and by every possible means is necessary to the welfare of mankind. By the second, religion is a mass of superstition from which it is desirable, and even needful to the welfare of humanity, that mankind should be delivered. By the third, religion is a contrivance useful to humanity, though unnecessary for those of the highest development, but which, as indispensable to the consolation and control of the vulgar, it is needful to maintain.

¹ A reply to two questions put by the German Ethical Society.

The first definition is similar to one a man might make of music by defining it as his most familiar and favorite song, with which all the world should be acquainted. The second, in the same connection, would be that applied to music by a man who neither understood nor cared for it, and who called it the production of sound by the throat, mouth, or hands upon certain instruments; a useless and even objectionable occupation, from which it was necessary to wean men as soon as possible. The third is similar to that which a man would apply to music, who considered it a useful contrivance for teaching men to dance or to march, for which purposes it should be maintained.

The difference and narrowness of these definitions arises from their not taking hold of the essence of music, but merely defining its features from the definer's point of view. So is it also with the three definitions of religion. According to the first, religion is whatever the definer thinks that he is right in believing. According to the second, it is that which, in the definer's opinion, people are wrong in believing. According to the third, it is, by the standard of the definer, what men are benefited by believing. All which define, not what constitutes the essence of religion, but the definer's idea of what religion constitutes. The first supplants the notion of religion by the faith of him who defines; the second, by the faith by which other people regard it; the third, by the faith of men in whatever may be supplied them as religion.

But what is faith? Why do people believe in what they believe? What is faith? and whence has it arisen?

Amongst the majority of the educated classes it is regarded as a settled question that the essence of every religion has its origin in the personification, deification, and worship of the forces of nature—proceeding from superstitious fear of nature's incomprehensible phenomena. This view is blindly accepted, without criticism, by the educated crowd of our time, and it

not only does not meet with any refutation from men of science, but, for the most part, finds, precisely among them, most definite confirmation. If, indeed, a voice is at times heard, as that of Max Müller, which attributes to religion another origin and sense, its sound is lost in the almost unanimous affirmation that religion is the outcome of ignorance and superstition.

Not long ago, at the beginning of the present century, the most advanced thinkers, while regretting Catholicism, Protestantism, and Greek orthodoxy, as did the Encyclopedists at the end of the eighteenth, did not deny that religion has been and is an indispensable condition in the lives of all. Not to mention the deists — as Bernardin de St. Pierre, Diderot, and Rousseau — Voltaire raised a monument to the Deity, and Robespierre proclaimed a festal day in honor of the Supreme Being. But at the present day, thanks to the frivolous and superficial teaching of Auguste Comte (who sincerely believed, in common with the majority of Frenchmen, that Christianity is nothing but Catholicism, and therefore saw in Catholicism the complete realization of Christianity), the educated crowd, which always readily and greedily accepts the lowest view, have decided or conceded that religion is only a certain long-obsolete aspect in the development of humanity which hinders progress. It is agreed that humanity has already outlived two periods, the religious and metaphysical, and has now entered into the third and highest, the scientific, and that all religious phenomena are only the expiring breaths of an outgrown spiritual organ of humanity, once needful, but long ago lost to sense and significance.

It is agreed that religion had its origin in the worship of imaginary beings, evoked by fear of the incomprehensible forces of nature, as in ancient times thought Democritus, and as is affirmed by the philosophers and historians of religion. But, putting aside the fact that the recognition of some unseen and supernatural being or beings has preceded the sense of fear

evoked by the unknown forces of nature, as is proved by hundreds of advanced and learned thinkers of the past — Socrates, Descartes, Newton, and like men of our own times, who, being in no wise fearful of such forces, admitted the existence of some supreme supernatural being or beings — the affirmation that religion has been the outcome of man's superstitious fear of the incomprehensible powers of nature in reality does not answer the chief question: From what in man does the idea of an unseen and supernatural being derive existence? If men were afraid of thunder and lightning, they would fear them as thunder and lightning; but why invent an unseen and unnatural Jove, living in certain regions, and occasionally flinging bolts at men? If men were astounded by the aspect of death, they would fear to die; but why invent souls of the dead with whom to enter into imaginary communion? From thunder men might hide; from the fear of death they might fly; but instead they devised an eternal, all-powerful Being, on whom they reckon themselves dependent, and the living souls of the dead — not from fear alone, but for some other reasons. And in these reasons, evidently, lies the essence of what is called religion.

Moreover, every man who has ever, if only in childhood, felt the religious sentiment, knows from his own experience that such a sentiment has always been awakened in him, not by external, terrifying, material phenomena, but by an internal consciousness of his own frailty, solitude, and sinfulness, and connected not at all with any dread of the unknown forces of nature. Hence man may, both by external observation and by personal experience, ascertain that religion is not the worship of deities, evoked by superstitious fear of unknown natural forces, and only proper to mankind at a certain period of their development, but something independent altogether of fear, or of a degree of culture, and not liable to destruction by any access of enlightenment; just as man's consciousness

of his finality in the infinite universe, and of his sinfulness (*i.e.*, his non-fulfilment of all he might and ought to have done), always has existed and always will exist while man remains man.

In truth, every man, as soon as he emerges from the animal existence of infancy and childhood—during which he lives by the pressure of those claims which are presented to him by his animal nature—every man who is awake to reasonable consciousness cannot fail to remark how the life about him renews itself, undestroyed, and steadfastly subordinate to one definite eternal law; and that he alone, self-recognized as a creature separate from the entire universe, is condemned to death, to a disappearance in unbounded space and limitless time, and to the painful consciousness of responsibility for his actions—a consciousness, so to say, that, having acted not well, he might have acted better. And, with this understanding, every reasoning man must stop, think, and ask himself—wherefore this momentary, indefinite, unstable existence within a universe uncompassed, eternal, firmly defined?

Man cannot, when he enters into his full measure of life, elude this question. It confronts all, and all in some fashion answer it, and it is this answer which is the essence of religion, the answer to the question, Wherefore do I live, and what is my relation to the infinite universe about me? All religious metaphysics—their teaching as to deities, the origin of existence, external worship—though generally taken for religion, are only the various labels accompanying religion, and changing with a change in its geographical, historical, or ethnographical conditions. There is no religion, however cultured, however crude, but has its beginnings in the assessment of the relations of man to the surrounding universe or to its first cause. There is no ceremony of religion so rustic, nor ritual so refined which has not a like foundation. All the teaching of religion is the expression of the relations in which

the founder of the religion regards himself—and therefore all mankind—as standing towards the universe or towards its origin and first cause.

The expressions of these relations are very numerous, and depend on the conditions of race and time in which the founder of the religion and those appropriating it are placed. Moreover, these expressions are variously misinterpreted and deformed by the founder's disciples, who, often for hundreds, sometimes for thousands, of years are in advance of the understanding of the masses. Hence, many accounts of this relation of man to the universe, called religions, appear to exist, but in substance there are only three of an essential quality: (1) The primitive personal relation; (2) the heathen social family, or State relation; (3) the Christian or godly relation. Strictly speaking, man can only be related to the universe in two ways: The *personal*, which is the recognition of life as the welfare of the individual, separately or in union with others; and the *Christian*, which is the recognition of life as the service of him who sent man into the world. The social relation of man to the universe is merely an enlargement of the personal.

The first of these recognitions (or perceptions), which is the most ancient, and which is now found only amongst men of the lowest order of development, consists in the consideration by man of himself as a self-sufficient being, existing with the sole purpose of obtaining for himself the greatest possible amount of personal happiness from the world about him, indifferent to the amount of suffering thus entailed on other creatures. From this early conception of a relation to the universe—which suffices for every child, as it sufficed for humanity on the threshold of its development, and still satisfies many savage tribes and men of a coarse moral fibre—have proceeded all the ancient heathen religions, as well as the corrupt and lower forms of more recent religions, as Buddhism,¹

¹ Buddhism, although it demands from its disciples resignation of all the pleasures of the world,

Taoism, Mahometanism, and Christianity in its perverted issues. To this same perception the more modern spiritism owes its origin, being founded on the preservation and welfare of the individual. All heathen superstitions, divination, deification of beings in blissful existence with the attributes of men, or of saints interceding for man, all sacrifices and supplications for earthly advantages or protection from calamity, proceed from the same conception of life.

The second or social heathen conception of man's relation to the universe, established in the next stage of development and natural to the state of manhood, consists in the admission that the meaning of life is to be discovered, not in the happiness of individuals, but in the welfare of a certain association of them, as the family, tribe, state, nation, even humanity, according to the attempted religion of the Positivists. In this perception, the attention is transferred from the individual to the family, tribe, State, or nation—that is, to an association of individuals, the welfare of whom is, in this case, regarded as the object of existence. All patriarchal and social religions of a like character have their origin in this conception: the religions of the Chinese, Japanese, of the chosen people of the Jews, the State religion of the Romans, our own religion of Church and State, debased to this connection by Augustine, though wrongly called Christian, and the Positivists' hypothetical religion of humanity. Ancestor-worship in China and Japan, emperor-worship in Rome, the manifold ceremonies of the Jews to preserve their covenant with God, all family, social, Church, Christian *Te Deums* for the welfare of the State, and for military success, are founded on

and even of life itself, is founded on the same idea of an individual sufficient for himself, and predestined to happiness, or rather—in comparison with the right of man to enjoyment as proclaimed by positive heathenism—to the absence of pain. Heathenism holds that the universe should serve the interest of the individual, Buddhism that the universe must be dissolved as the producing factor in the miseries of mankind. Buddhism is only negative heathenism.

this same conception of the relation of man to the universe.

The third conception of this relation—the Christian one—of which every man of advanced years is involuntarily conscious, and upon which humanity, in my opinion, is now entering, consists in the acknowledgment by man that the meaning of life is not to be found in the attainment of his own individual aim, nor in the attainment of that of any association of individuals, but solely in serving that Supreme Will, which has produced man, and the entire universe for the attainment, not of the aims of man, but of the Superior Will which has produced him. From this conception, the loftiest religious teaching known to us has proceeded, germs of which existed in the teaching of the Pythagoreans, Essenes, Egyptians, Persians, Brahmans, Buddhists, and Taoists, in their best representatives, but which has only received its final and fullest expression in the true, unperverted interpretation of Christianity. All the ritual of those ancient religions, proceeding from this conception of life, all the modern external forms of association of the Unitarians, Universalists, Quakers, Sevan-Nazarenes, and Russian Spirit-fighters,¹ and all so-called rationalistic sects, their sermons, hymns, intercourse, and books, are religious manifestations of this conception of man's relation to the universe.

All possible religions of every kind are inevitably distributed between these three conceptions. Every man who has emerged from the animal condition must invariably adopt one of these conceptions of his relation to the universe, and in this adoption consists the real religion of every man, outside any confession of faith to which he may nominally adhere. Every man inevitably, one way or another, pictures to himself his own relation to the universe, because a reasoning being cannot live in the world without some

¹ A section of the so-called sectarians, having a spiritual conception of life and the gospels, and who claim to fight against the flesh by the aid of the Spirit.

sort of consciousness of his relation to it. And as only three explanations of this relation have been produced by humanity, and are known to us, every man must inevitably hold by one of the three, and, whether he will or not, belongs to one of the three fundamental religions, among which all humanity may be divided. And hence the general assertion made by men of culture in the Christian world that they have reached the summit of development where they neither have nor need a religion, only means that, renouncing Christianity, the one religion proper to our time, they hold either with the social-family-state religion, or with that of primitive heathendom, without being aware of the tendency themselves. A man without a religion—that is, without any perceptive relation to the universe—is as impossible as a man without a heart. He may be as unaware of the possession of one as of the other, but neither without a heart, nor without a religion can man exist. Religion is the relation which man acknowledges towards the universe about him, or to its source and first cause, and a reasoning man must perceive in some sort of perceptive relationship.

But you may perhaps say that the invention of man's relation to the universe is a subject not for religion but for philosophy, or, in general, for science, allowing that the latter term is more inclusive. I do not think so. I hold, on the contrary, that the supposition that science in its widest sense, including philosophy, should concern itself with the relation of man to the universe is altogether erroneous and the chief source of disorder in the ideas of our educated society as to religion, science, and morality. Science, including philosophy, cannot institute any comparison as to the relation of mankind to the infinite universe or to its source, if only because, before any sort of science or of philosophy could have been formulated, that conception of some sort of relationship of man to the universe, without which no kind of mental activity is possible, must have

existed. As a man cannot by any kind of movement discover the direction in which he must move, but all movement is made imperatively in some given direction, so it is impossible, by the mental efforts of philosophy or of science, to discover the direction in which this effort should be made, but every mental effort is inevitably accomplished in some direction which has been already given it. And this direction for all mental effort is always indicated by religion. All philosophies known to us, from Plato to Schopenhauer, have followed inevitably the direction given by religion.

The philosophy of Plato and of his followers was a heathen system to procure the maximum of happiness, as well for the individual as for the association of individuals in the form of a State. The Church-Christian philosophy of the Middle Ages, based on the same heathen conception of existence, investigated means of salvation for the individual—that is, the means for procuring his best advantage in a future life—and only in its theocratic endeavors did it touch on the welfare of societies. The modern philosophy of Hegel, as well as that of Comte, is founded on the state-social-religious conception of existence. The pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, which desired to free itself from the Jewish religious conception, became unwittingly subject to the basis of Buddhism. Philosophy always has been and always will be merely the investigation of the results of the perceptive relations of man to the universe inculcated by religion, for until this perception is acquired there is no material for philosophical investigation.

The same explanation holds good with positive science in the strict meaning of the term. Such a science always has been, and always will be, merely the investigation and determination of such objects and phenomena as appear to demand inquiry in consequence of a certain conception of the relation of man to the universe instituted by religion. Science always has

been, and always will be, not the study of "everything," as men of science at present naively imagine (a thing which is, moreover, impossible, as the subjects in the scope of study are of infinite quantity), but only of those things which, in order and according to their degree of importance, religion selects from the infinite objects, phenomena, and circumstances into which inquiry may be made. And hence there is not one science, but as many sciences as there are religions. Each religion selects a certain circle of subjects which must be studied, and hence the science of every time and nation inevitably bears the character of its religion in the point of view from which its examination is made. So the heathen science, re-instituted at the Renaissance and flourishing at present among us under the title of Christian, always has been and continues to be merely an investigation of the circumstances by which man may attain the highest welfare, and of those phenomena of the universe which may be put under contribution to the same end. The philosophical science of Brahmin and Buddhist has always been merely the investigation of circumstances by which man may be delivered from the miseries which oppress him. The Jewish science (of the Talmud) has always been the study and explanation of those conditions which must be observed by men in order to ratify his covenant with God, and to preserve the chosen nation at the highest level of its election. The Church-Christian science was and is the investigation of those circumstances by which man procures his salvation. The true Christian science, that which is but just at the birth, is the investigation of those circumstances by which man may become acquainted with the demands of the Supreme Will, whose instrument he is, and how he may fit them to his existence.

Neither philosophy nor science can institute the relation of man to the universe, because such reciprocity must have existence before any kind of science or philosophy can begin;

since each investigates phenomena by means of the intellect, and independent of the position or sensations of the investigator; whereas the relation of man to the universe is defined, not by the intellect alone, but by his sensitive perception aided by all his spiritual powers. However much one may assure and instruct a man that all real existence is an idea, that matter is made up of atoms, that the essence of life is corporality or will, that heat, light, movement, electricity are different manifestations of one and the same energy, one cannot thereby explain to a being with pains, pleasures, fears, and hopes, his position in the universe. That position and his consequent relation to the universe, is explained only by religion, which says, "The universe exists for thee, and therefore take from life all that thou canst obtain;" or else, "Thou art one of the chosen people of God; serve that people, and accomplish the instructions of that God, and thou and thy people shall be partakers of the highest bliss;" or else, "Thou art the instrument of a supreme will, which has sent thee into the universe to accomplish a work predestined for thee; learn that will, and do it, for that is the sole perfection thou canst achieve."

To understand philosophy and science one needs study and preparation, but neither is required for the understanding of religion; that is at once comprehensible to every man whatever his ignorance and limitations. A man need acquire neither philosophy nor science to understand his relation to the universe, or to its source; a superfluity of knowledge, encumbering his consciousness, is rather an impediment; but he must renounce, if only for the time, the vanity of the world, and acquire a sense of his material frailty and of truth, which are, as the Gospels tell us, to be found most often in children and in the simplest, most unlearned, of men. For this reason we see the most simple, ignorant, and untaught men accept clearly, consciously, and easily the highest Christian conception of life, whereas the

most learned and cultured linger in crude heathenism. As, for example, we observe men of refinement and education whose conception of existence is the acquirement of personal pleasure or security from pain, as with the shrewd and cultured Schopenhauer, or in the salvation of the soul by sacraments and means of grace, as with learned bishops of the Church; whereas an almost illiterate sectarian peasant in Russia, without the slightest mental effort, achieves the same conception of life as was accomplished by the greatest sages of the world—Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca—namely, the consciousness of one's being as the instrument of the will of God—the son of God.

But you may ask me: In what, then, does the essence of this unscientific and unphilosophical knowledge consist? If it be neither scientific nor philosophical, of what sort is it? How is it to be defined? To these questions I can only reply that as religious knowledge is that which precedes, and upon which is founded, every other knowledge, it cannot be defined; there being no essential term of definition in existence. In theological language this knowledge is called revelation. And this word, if we do not give it any mystic meaning, is quite accurate; because this knowledge is not acquired by study, nor by the efforts of individuals, but through the reception by them of the manifestation of the Infinite Mind, which, little by little, discloses itself to men. Why is it that ten thousand years ago men were unable to understand that their sentient existence was not exhausted by the welfare of the individual, and that later came a time when the higher family-social-state-national conception of life was disclosed to mankind? Why is it that, within the limits of historical memory, the Christian conception of life has been disclosed to men? And why has it been disclosed to such a man or men, and precisely at such a time, at such and no other place, in such and no other form? To try to answer these questions by searching

for their reasons in the historical circumstances of the time, life, and character and special qualities of those men who first accepted and expressed this conception of life, is as though one were to try to prove why the rising sun first casts his rays on certain objects. The sun of truth, rising higher and higher upon the world, enlightens it ever further, and is reflected by those forms on which first fall the illumination of its rays and which are most capable of reflecting them. The qualities which give to some the power of receiving the rising truth are no special activities of the mind, but rather passive qualities of the heart, seldom corresponding to a great and inquisitive intellect. Rejection of the vanities of the world, a sense of one's material frailty, truthfulness, are what we observe in every founder of a religion, none of whom have been distinguished by philosophical or scientific acquirement.

In my opinion the chief error, which, more than all else, impedes the true progress of Christian humanity, is precisely the fact that the scientific men of our time, who are now in the seat of the teachers, being guided by the heathen conception of life revived at the Renaissance, and having accepted as the essence of Christianity its crudest distortions, and having decided that it is a condition already outworn by mankind (while they consider, on the contrary, that the ancient-social-state conception of heathendom, which is indeed outworn, is the loftiest conception and one that should steadfastly be held by humanity), these men, not only do not understand true Christianity, which comprises that most perfect conception of life towards which all humanity is advancing, but they do not even try to understand it. The chief source of this misunderstanding arises from the fact that men of science, having diverged from Christianity, and seen that their science cannot conform to it, have agreed that Christianity and not science must be at fault; that is, they have assumed, not the fact that science is eighteen hundred years be-

hind Christianity, which embraced the greater part of contemporary society, but that it is Christianity which is eighteen hundred years in arrear. From this distortion of facts arises the curious circumstance that no people have more entangled ideas as to the essence of true knowledge, religion, morality, and existence than men of science, and the yet more curious fact that the science of our time, despite all its successes in examining the phenomena of the material world, appears to be, as to human existence, either unnecessary or productive of merely pernicious results. And hence I hold that it is neither philosophy nor science which can explain the relation of man to the universe, but religion.

And so I answer your first question, as to what I understand by the word "religion," thus—religion is the conception by man of the relation between himself and the eternal, infinite universe, its origin and source. Out of this reply to your first question follows naturally that to the second. If religion is the conception by man of his relation to the universe which determines the meaning of his life, morality is the index and explanation of man's activity which naturally flows from one or other perceived relation. And as we recognize only two of these perceptions, if we include the heathen-social as the enlargement of the personal relation, or three, if we consider it apart, so there exist but three moral teachings: the primitive, savage, individualistic; the heathen-family-state or social; and the Christian or godly, teaching man's subservience to the universe or to God.

From the first conception of man's relationship proceeds the morality common to all heathen religions whose basic tendency is the welfare of the individual, and which, therefore, defines every condition capable of producing that welfare. And the means by which it may be procured. From this perception of man's relationship have proceeded the heathen moralities; the Epicurean in its lowest manifestation; the Mahometan, promising the welfare

of the individual in this and the next world; the Church-Christian, with salvation for its object—that is, the welfare of the individual in the world to come; and the utilitarian, having for its object the welfare of the individual in this world alone. From this same conception, which proclaims the welfare of the individual, and hence his immunity from pain, as the object of his existence, proceeds the Buddhist morality in its crudest aspect and the teaching of the pessimists. From the second conception, which proclaims the welfare of a certain association of individuals as the object of existence, proceed those moral teachings which demand from mankind subservience to that particular association the welfare of which is accepted as the aim of life. According to this morality, such amount of personal welfare is alone permitted as may be procurable for the entire association which forms the religious base of existence. From this conception of man's relation to the universe proceed such moral teachings of the Greek and Roman world as are known to us, in which the individual is always sacrificed to society; the moral teaching of China; the Jewish morality of personal subjection to the welfare of the chosen people; and the Church-State-moral teaching of our own time which demands the sacrifice of the individual to the welfare of the State. From this same conception proceeds also the morality of the majority of women, sacrificing their individuality to the welfare of the family, and especially of their children. All ancient history, and in part that of the Middle Ages, and of the modern era, is full of the exploits of this family-social and State morality. And, at the present time, most men only imagine they profess Christianity and hold the Christian morality, but in reality they follow this family-State morality of heathendom. And this morality they elevate into an ideal in the education of the young. From the third conception of man's relation to the universe—namely, the acknowledgment by man of his existence as an instrument

of the Supreme Will for the accomplishment of its designs—proceeds the morality corresponding to this conception, which explains the dependence of man on the Supreme Will, and determines the demands of this Will. From this perception, proceeds the loftiest morality known to man—the Pythagorean Stoic, Buddhist, Brahmin, and Taoist—in their best aspects, and the Christian teaching in its real sense, which demands the renunciation of the individual will, and of the welfare, not only of the individual, but of family, society, and State, in the name of the fulfilment of his will who gave us the existence which our consciousness has disclosed.

From one of these perceptions of man's relationship to the infinite universe proceeds the true, sincere morality of every man, in spite of what he nominally professes or preaches as morality or the appearance he desires to convey. So that a man who acknowledges that the essence of his relation to the universe consists in the acquirement of the greatest welfare for himself, however much he may prate of the morality of living for family, society, State, humanity, or the accomplishment of the will of God (though he may be clever enough by feigning to deceive his fellows), the real motive of his activity will always be the welfare of himself, so that, when occasion arises for choice, he will sacrifice, not himself for his family, nation, or the accomplishment of God's will, but everything for himself, because his conception of existence being centred in his own welfare, he cannot act otherwise till the conception of his relation to the universe undergoes a change. In the same way, however much a man, the conception of whose relation to the universe consists in the service of his family (as is the case with most women), tribe, country, or nation (as those of oppressed nationalities, or political agents in times of contention), may say that he is a Christian, his morality will always remain a family, national, or State morality, not a Christian; and when the necessity arises

for choosing between the welfare of family or of society and that of himself, or between social welfare and the accomplishment of God's will, he will inevitably choose to serve the welfare of that association of his fellows for which he, according to his conception of life, exists; because only in such service does he discover the meaning of his existence. And, similarly, however much you may assure a man, who considers that his relation to the universe consists in the accomplishment of the will of him that sent him, that he must, in the interest of person, family, State, nation, or humanity, do that which contradicts this superior will, of which he is conscious through the reason and love with which he is equipped, he will always sacrifice persons, family, country, or humanity rather than be unfaithful to the will of him that sent him, because only by the accomplishment of this will does he realize his conception of life.

Morality cannot be independent of religion, because, not only is it the outcome of religion—that is, of that conception by man of his relation to the universe—but because it is already implied by religion. All religion is a reply to the question, What is my conception of life? And the religious answer always includes a certain moral demand, which may sometimes follow the explanation of this conception, sometimes precede it. The question may be answered thus: The conception of life is the welfare of the individual, therefore profit by every advantage accessible to thee; or, The conception of life is the welfare of an association, serve therefore that association with all thy power; or, The conception of life is the fulfilment of the will of him that sent thee, therefore try, with all thy power, to learn that will and to do it. And the same question may be answered thus: The conception of life is thy personal pleasure, in that is the true destiny of man; or, The conception of life is the service of that association of which thou considerest thyself a member, for that is thy destiny; or, The conception of life is the

service of God, since for that thou hast been made.

Morality is included in the explanation of life which religion offers us, and therefore cannot possibly be divorced from it. This truth is especially prominent in those attempts of non-Christian philosophers to deduce the inculcation of the loftiest morality from their philosophy. These teachers see that Christian morality is indispensable; that existence without it is impossible; more, they see that such a morality does exist, and they desire in some manner to attach it to their non-Christian philosophy, and even so to represent things that it may appear as if Christian morality were the natural outcome of their heathen or social philosophy. And they make the attempt, but their very efforts exhibit more clearly than anything else, not only the independence of Christian morality, but its complete contradiction of the philosophy of individual welfare, of escape from personal suffering, of the welfare of society. Christian ethics, that of which we become conscious by a religious conception of life, demand not only the sacrifice of personality to society, but of one's own person and any aggregate of persons to the service of God. Whereas, heathen philosophy, investigating the means by which the welfare of the individual or of an association of individuals may be achieved, inevitably contradicts the Christian ideal. Heathen philosophy has but one method for concealing this discrepancy: it heaps up abstract conditional ideas, one upon the other, and refuses to emerge from the misty region of metaphysics. Chiefly after this manner was the behavior of the philosophers of the Renaissance, and to this circumstance — namely, the impossibility of reconciling the demands of Christian morality already recognized as existing, with philosophy upon a heathen basis — one must attribute that dreary abstraction, incomprehensibility, estrangement from life, and want of charity of the new philosophy. With the exception of Spinoza, whose philosophy proceeded from a religious and

truly Christian basis, although he is not commonly reckoned a Christian, and of Kant, a gifted genius who resolutely conducted his ethics independent of his metaphysics; with these two exceptions, every other philosopher, even the brilliant Schopenhauer, manifestly devised artificial connections between their ethics and their metaphysics. One feels that Christian ethics have an original and firmly established standpoint independent of philosophy, and needing not at all the fictitious props placed beneath it, and that philosophy invents such statements not only to avoid an appearance of contradiction, but apparently to involve a natural connection and outcome.

But all these statements only seem to justify Christian ethics while they are considered in the abstract. The moment they are fitted to questions of practical existence, then not only does their disagreement become visible in all its force, but the contradiction between the philosophical basis and that which we regard as morality is made manifest. The unhappy Nietzsche, who has lately become so celebrated, is especially noticeable as an example of this contradiction. He is irrefutable when he says that all rules of morality, from the standpoint of the existent non-Christian philosophy, are nothing but falsehood and hypocrisy, and that it is much more advantageous, pleasant, and reasonable for a man to be a member of the society of *Uebermensch*, than to be one of a crowd which must serve as a scaffold for that society. No combinations of philosophy which proceed from the heathen-religious conception of life can prove that it will be of greater advantage to, and more reasonable for, a man to live, not for his own desired, attainable, and conceivable welfare, or for the welfare of his family and society, but for the welfare of another, which, as far as he is concerned, may be undesirable, inconceivable, and unattainable by his own insufficient means. That philosophy which is founded on man's welfare as the ideal of existence can never prove

to reasoning beings, with the ever-present consciousness of death, that it is fitting for him to renounce his own desirable, conceivable, and certain welfare, not for the certain welfare of others—for he can never know the results of his sacrifice—but merely because it is right that he should do so; that it is the categorical imperative.

It is impossible to prove this from the heathen-philosophical standpoint. In order to prove that men are all equal it is best for a man to sacrifice his own life in the service of others, rather than to make his fellows serve him, trampling upon their lives. Otherwise it is necessary for a man to determine his relation to the universe, and to understand that such is the position of a man that he is left no other course, because the meaning of his life is only to be found in the accomplishment of the will of him that sent him, and that the will of him that sent him is—that he should give his life to the service of mankind. And such a modification in man's perception of his relation to the universe is wrought only by religion.

So, too, is it with the attempts to deduce Christian morality from, and to harmonize it with, the fundamental propositions of heathen science. No sophisms nor mental shifting will destroy the simple and clear proposition, that the hypothesis of evolution, laid as the basis of all the science of our time, is founded upon a general, unchangeable, and eternal law—that of the struggle for existence, and of the survival of the "fittest"—and that, therefore, every man, for the attainment of his own welfare, or of that of his society, must be this fittest, or make his society the fittest, in order that neither he nor his society should perish, but another less fit. However much some naturalists, alarmed by the logical inferences of this law, and by its adaptation to human existence, may strive to extinguish it with words and talk it down, its irrefutability becomes only the more manifest by their efforts, and its control over the life of the

entire organic world, and hence over that of man, regarded as an animal.

While I am writing this, the Russian translation of an article by Professor Huxley has been published, compiled from a speech of his upon the evolution of ethics before a certain English society. In this article the learned professor—as did some years ago, too, our eminent Professor Beketoff as unsuccessfully as his predecessors—tries to prove that the struggle for existence does not violate morality, and that, alongside the acceptance of the law of this struggle as the fundamental law of existence, morality may not only exist, but may improve. Mr. Huxley's article is full of a variety of jokes, verses, and general views upon the religion and philosophy of the ancients, and therefore is so shock-headed and entangled that only with great pains can one arrive at the fundamental idea. This, however, is as follows: The law of evolution is contrary to the law of morality; this was known to the ancient world of Greece and India. And the philosophy and religion of either nation led them to the teaching of self-abnegation. This teaching, according to the author's opinion, is not correct; but the right one is the following: A law exists, termed by the author "cosmogonic,"¹ according to which all creatures struggle amongst themselves, and only the fittest survives. Man is subordinate to this law, and, thanks to it, has become what he now is. But this law is contrary to morality. How, then, are we to reconcile morality with this law? Thus: Social progress exists which tends to suspend the cosmic process, and to replace it by another—an ethical one, the object of which is no longer the survival of the "fittest," but of the "best" in the ethical sense.

Whence came this ethical process Mr. Huxley does not explain, but in note 19 he says that the basis of this process consists in the fact that men, as well as animals, prefer, on the one

¹ I cannot identify Professor Huxley's article, and must apologize if my translation misquotes him. I am unacquainted with the Russian equivalent. — *Translator's Note.*

hand, to live in companies, and therefore smother within themselves those propensities which are pernicious to societies, and, on the other hand, the members of societies crush by force such actions as are prejudicial to the welfare of the society. Mr. Huxley thinks that this process, which compels men to control their passions for the preservation of that association to which they belong, and the fear of punishment should they break the rules of that association, compose that very ethical process the existence of which it behoves him to prove. It evidently appears to Mr. Huxley, in the innocence of his mind, that in English society of our time, with its Irish destitution, its insane luxury of the rich, its trade in opium and spirits, its executions, its sanguinary wars, its extermination of entire nations for the sake of commerce and policy, its secret vice and hypocrisy—it appears to him that a man who does not overstep police regulations is a moral man, and that such a man is guided by an ethical process. Mr. Huxley seems to forget that those personal qualities which may be needful to prevent the destruction of that society in which its member lives, may be of service to the society itself; and that the personal qualities of the members of a band of brigands are also useful to the band; as, also, in our society, we find a use for hangmen, jailers, judges, soldiers, false-pastors, etc., but that the qualities of these men have nothing in common with morality.

Morality is an affair of constant development and growth, and hence the preservation of the instituted orders of a certain society, by means of the rope and scaffold, to which as instruments of morality Mr. Huxley alludes, will be not only not the confirmation, but the infraction of morality. And on the contrary, every infringement of existing canons, such as was the violation by Christ and his disciples of the ordinances of a Roman province, such as would be the defiance of existing regulations by a man who refuses to take part in judgments at law, military service, and payment of taxes, used for

military preparations, will be not only not contrary to morality, but the indispensable condition of its manifestation. Every cannibal, who ceases to partake of his species, acts in the same manner and transgresses the ordinances of his society. Hence though actions which infringe the regulations of society may be immoral, without doubt, also, every truly moral action which advances the cause of morality is always achieved by transgressing some ordinance of society. And, therefore, if there has ever appeared in a society a law which demands the sacrifice of personal advantage to preserve the unity of the whole social fabric, that law is not an ethical statute, but, for the most part, on the contrary (being opposed to all ethics), is that same law of struggle for existence in a latent and concealed form. It is the same struggle, but transferred from units to their agglomerations. It is not the cessation of strife, but the swinging backward of the arm to hit the stronger. If the law of the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest is the eternal law of all life (and one must perforce regard it as such with reference to man considered as an animal), then such misty arguments as to social progress—supposed to proceed from it, and arisen none knows whence, a *deus ex machina* ethical process to assist us in our need—cannot break that law down. If social progress, as Mr. Huxley assures us, collects men into groups, then the same struggle and the same survival will exist between families, races, and States, and this struggle will be, not only not more moral, but more cruel and immoral than that between individuals, as, indeed, we find it in reality.

Even if we admit the impossible—that all humanity, solely by social progress, will in a thousand years achieve a single unity and will be of one State and nation, even then, not to mention that the struggle suppressed between States and nations will be altered to one between humanity and the animal world, and that that struggle will always remain a struggle—that is an activity absolutely excluding the possi-

bility of Christian morality as professed by us—not to speak of this, the struggle between the individuals which compose this unity, and between the associations of families, races, nationalities will not in the least be diminished, but will continue the same, only in another form, as we may observe in all associations of men in families, races, and States. Those of one family quarrel and fight—and often most cruelly—between themselves, as well as with strangers. So also in a State, the same struggle continues between those within it, as between them and those without, only in other forms. In one case men kill each other with arrows and knives, in another by starvation. And if the feeblest are sometimes preserved in the family or State, it is in no wise thanks to the State association, but because self-abnegation and tenderness exist among people joined in families and States. If, of two children without parents, only the fittest survives, whereas both might live with the help of a good mother, this fact will not be in consequence of family unification, but because a certain mother is gifted with tenderness and self-denial. And neither of these gifts can proceed from social progress. To assert that social progress produces morality is equivalent to saying that the erection of stoves produces heat. Heat proceeds from the sun; and stoves produce heat only when fuel—the work of the sun—is kindled in them; so morality proceeds from religion, and social forms of life produce morality only when into these forms are put the results of religious influence on humanity—that is, morality. Stoves may be kindled, and so may impart heat, or may be left unlit and so remain cold. So, too, social forms may include morality, and in that case morally influence society, or may not include morality and thus remain without influence. Christian morality cannot be founded on the heathen or social conception of life, nor can it be deduced either from non-Christian philosophy or science—cannot only not be deduced, but cannot be reconciled with

them. So always was it understood by all serious, consistent ancient philosophy and science, which said, “Do our propositions disagree with morality? Well, then, so much the worse for morality,” and continued their investigations.

Ethical treatises, not founded on religion, and even lay catechisms, are written and used, and men may believe that humanity is guided by them; but it only seems to be so, because people in reality are guided, not by these treatises and catechisms, but by the religion which they have always had and have; whereas the treatises and catechisms only try to align themselves with the natural outflux of religion. Ordinances of lay morality not founded upon religious teaching are similar to the actions of a man who, being ignorant of music, should take the conductor's seat before the orchestra, and begin to wave his arms before the musicians, who are performing. The music might continue a little while by its own momentum, and from the previous knowledge of the players, but it is evident that the mere waving of a stick by a man who is ignorant of music would be not only useless, but would inevitably confuse the musicians and disorganize the orchestra in the end. The same disorder is beginning to take place in the minds of the men of our time, in consequence of the attempts of leading men to teach people morality, not founded on that loftiest religion which is in process of adoption, and is in part adopted by Christian humanity. It would be, indeed, desirable to have a moral teaching un-mixed with superstition, but the fact is that moral teaching is only the result of a certain perceived relation of man to the universe, or to God. If the perception of such a relation is expressed in forms which seem to us superstitious, then, in order to prevent this, we should try to express this relation more clearly, reasonably, and accurately, and even to destroy the former perception of man's relationship which has become insufficient, and to put in its place one loftier, clearer, and more

reasonable ; but by no means to invent a so-called lay, irreligious morality founded on sophisms, or upon nothing at all.

The attempts to inculcate morality independent of religion are like the actions of children when, wishing to move a plant which pleases them, they tear off the root which does not please and seems unnecessary to them, and plant it in the earth without the root. Without a religious foundation there can be no true, unsimulated morality, as without a root there can be no true plant. And so in reply to your two questions, I say religion is the conception by man of his relation to the infinite universe, and to its source. And morality is the ever-present guide of life proceeding only from this relation.

From The Nineteenth Century.
IN THE MOUNTAINS OF EGYPT.

OF course, politically speaking, Egypt has no backbone—so they say—except such as is furnished by five thousand British bayonets. Physically that land is provided with a remarkable chain of granite vertebrae, lofty and jagged like any frost-bitten Alps. Few people trouble themselves about the existence of these peaks, for they are separated from the great highway of the Nile by a belt of waterless desert, and they are nowhere visible from it. They, however, daily serve as landmarks to the procession of great ships which ply between East and West, and many an Anglo-Indian must have watched the sun set in purple and gold behind their serried edges.

Years ago I found in Messrs. Stanford's shop a maritime chart of the Gulf of Suez, on the margin of which is depicted the elevation of these mountains, as seen by navigators at a distance of fifty miles, and these inspiring outlines, the mystery of which is enhanced by the waterless solitude from which they spring, fed my strong desire to visit them. These jagged teeth do not form a continuous chain, but are separated from one another by inter-

vals, more or less wide, of elevated desert. I think they have never been accurately measured. They attain a probable height of six thousand feet, and I drew the conclusion that, being so near the sea, they must precipitate much moisture, and that animal and vegetable life must exist to some extent upon their flanks. Pursuing my investigations, I learnt that Wilkinson, Schweinfurth, Floyer, and at most one or two others, had visited these districts, which support an extremely sparse population of nomadic Bedawin, who own a few camels and sheep ; that there are here and there natural reservoirs in the ravines where the storm waters are retained, and occasional shallow wells dug in the gravel where these ravines open on to the plain ; that the Romans quarried certain precious marbles in these mountains, and that a wild goat—the *Caper Sinaiticus*, an ibex with long, well-knobbed horns, which curl backwards over his haunches—exists there. It was this latter fact which interested me the most. If the result proved that the district did not altogether fulfil my expectations as a hunting-ground, that was due rather to lack of time than want of foresight.

Arrived in Cairo in January, 1893, with my two daughters, my purpose was to cross the belt of desert which intervenes between the Nile and the granite range ; but first I desired to ascertain whether these goats were not to be found nearer to the Nile valley.

From the inscribed records of the tombs and monuments, it is obvious that these animals were familiar to the ancient inhabitants of the cultivated land. They are depicted along with the oryx antelopes and gazelles, and appear to have been hunted by enclosing their passes with nets. They were frequently brought as offerings to the gods, and there is reason to think that they were kept alive for this purpose in enclosed parks, as the captured kids are shown, carried in baskets and fed by hand. Their bodies were mummied when they died, like other favored animals. At least, there is one in the Ghizeh Museum, which was perhaps a

royal pet. It is described as "a gazelle," but the leg and hoof which are exposed have the characteristic shape and marking of this ibex. I was not, therefore, surprised to hear that, at the present day, they occasionally appear on the high bluffs which at certain points overhang the Nile, and are even seen, though rarely, in the neighborhood of Cairo, on such cliffs as those in which the quarries of Toura are situated.

It is strange that, of all the thousands of sportsmen who have followed the great historical waterway bent on washing their spears, so few seem to have been aware of the existence of this interesting game. That most inquisitive of travellers, Herodotus, does not include it in his list of the wild animals of Egypt, and, coming down to our own day, the only trained naturalist I know of, who has written of the fauna of the Nile, also omits it. Yet it must have frequently looked down on the decks of dahabieh flying British colors, and counted its natural enemies. All wild goats and sheep, with well-judged confidence in their power of self-concealment, will thus at times approach the haunts of men. I have heard of only one successful hunt on these Nile terraces. An English engineer, while engaged in his irrigation duties, surprised and killed two within a few yards of the river.

Leaving Siout on the 4th of February, we pulled up an hour after sunset right under Gebel Hareedee. This rock forms one of the most conspicuous cliffs on the Nile. In great part it is quite sheer and rises perhaps one thousand feet above the river. As soon as we had fastened up to the bank, we went ashore for a little stretch. We had not gone many yards before a native rose up out of the darkness. The fellahen always do appear like that from unexpected holes. He constituted himself our guide, and we strolled through the narrow grove of palms, not twenty yards wide, between the base of the cliff and the river. Then I drew a picture of an ibex and showed it to him by the light of the

lantern, and asked if there were any *bedan* about. The word *taytal* is used for the old males. He pointed to the cliff and said there were. Whether true or not, this was the answer I expected. But I had got to the bottom of my Arabic, and returned to the boat for an interpreter. My next question was how long their horns were. He showed a full yard on his stick. It was quite clear that this could not mean gazelle, and other things indicated that ibex were meant, but whether their presence was frequent or only occasional remained doubtful.

The next morning we started early to climb the cliff while it was still in shadow. A fair track led up into a ravine hidden from below, where was the tomb of the Sheik El Hareedee, a holy recluse who once lived in one of the numerous rock excavations and gave his name to the mountain. These rock-dwelling worthies were very numerous in the early centuries of our era. They felt towards other religions an intolerance the like of which lingers in few places in these days, except in the slums of some Eastern cities and a few cathedral towns. Unfortunately the images in many a stately temple carry marks of their pious zeal. We inherit the same instinct, but content ourselves with blackening the characters of our political opponents. What an advance we have made!

The cliff is honeycombed both with tombs and quarries. The latter are huge square galleries driven far into the rock, in which a battalion might shelter. At each angle commanding a new view we scanned every corner, and wherever sand or small *débris* had collected we sought for tracks, but for a long time without any result. At length I did find some sign, but it appeared to be very old and had been washed into a ravine. As rain is so rare here this was evidence that the animal we sought had not been there recently. The top of the cliff was flat. It was, in fact, the edge of the elevated limestone plateau which extends from Cairo to Keneh. There was not a scrap of vegetation, not so much as a

lichen, to tempt any live animal, and whatever fourfooted beast shelters here must go down to the cultivation to feed. This would not make it attractive to wild goats, who, though they do most of their feeding early and late, require a bite in the middle of the day, and the cultivated land in the Nile valley is so flat that it would be difficult for them to accomplish this unobserved. Thus it would probably be vain to seek for them in such places unless they had been driven there by drought.

The view from the edge of the cliff was striking and suggestive. Far below was the sluggish current of the famous river, dotted with native boats like the wings of a tern at the point of lighting on the water. The green ribbon of cultivated ground spread widest, now on the right and now on the left of the river, and shaded away into grey haze far to the north and south of us. In the course of our search, which was continued for several hours, we saw two foxes, but no other live thing. Some large, dog-like tracks may have been those of hyenas, and in various places we came across the bones of large animals which had been brought up here by birds or beasts of prey. Although I had seen enough to be sure that the goats occasionally visited the spot, the chance did not seem good enough for us to dwell on it. Following the river upwards, we tried in the same way Gebel Touhk and Gebel Tarif, smelling out a cold scent, but found no more evidence of the actual presence of the animal than at the first attempt. Even from English officers, long resident in the neighborhood, I could get no certain evidence, and there was nothing for us left but to go eastwards to the higher mountains, which I hoped would prove a sure find.

From Keneh, where the Nile takes a considerable bend to the eastwards, there is a well-known caravan route to Kosseir, on the Red Sea. At one time the Indian mail was taken by this line, and if the railway which is talked of is realized, it doubtless would be so again. We proposed to start from the same

point, but to keep much more to the northwards. Running down with the current from Thebes, we four—for my cousin G. had joined us—landed at Keneh on the 15th of February. Here our camel train had been got ready. The mudir of the province, to whom we had letters, lives here. His leave was necessary before we could penetrate into those inhospitable regions. He asked us to dine with him, and told us that he has one hundred and fifty miles of Nile valley under his control, nearly half a million of fellaheen, and twenty thousand Bedawin. He said the latter are much the best behaved of his people, but as they are exempt from taxation, and seldom visit the *Rif*, or cultivated valley, this is not surprising. Some of them are partially giving up their nomadic habits and settling on the borders of cultivation. There is some difficulty in determining at what stage an individual savage becomes a taxable citizen.

In the early morning our camels assembled on the river bank. We were startled to find that there were nearly thirty of them, but that was Mr. Cook's affair. The loading up was naturally a long business, but it is much easier to balance a heavy load on a camel's hump than on the round barrel of a packhorse. Besides which his skin is tougher; but he knows how to complain, and the chorus of groans and gurgles can be heard for miles on a still day. In spite of the barrenness of the country we were entering, it did not look as if we should starve. One camel was surmounted by four turkeys, another by a crate full of chickens and pigeons, and a third by two sheep. Indeed, we had to carry a month's supply of food of all kinds, and water for five days. Our black Soudanese cook, Moojan, had donned an enormous pith hat, which gave him the appearance of a mushroom with a black stalk. Every now and then a camel kicked. The action is a sweep sideways as far as a hind leg can reach. The effect is like that of a scythe, and the crowd of screaming Bedawin are mown down and scattered as grass. Baby camels

gambolled about. An adult camel never sees a joke, but these woolly infants, with attenuated legs and heads like birds, are very lighthearted. The cameleers argued forcibly against the overloading of their beasts, with some reason as it seemed to me. At last the loads were duly apportioned, and as each camel was packed he rose and joined the group forming upon the roadway. The riding camels were brought up and made to kneel.

To mount a camel for the first time is, for a *Hovadji*, until he gets the hang of it, a complicated and anxious process. The first risk is that the animal will rise while the rider is climbing into the saddle. This he will inevitably do if the attendant has forgotten to place his foot on the camel's knee. The novice having settled in the saddle, which is like a flat wooden tea tray on the top of the hump, and taken a tight grip of the "horns," of which there is one in front and one behind,¹ waits in suspense, wondering which end of the animal means to get up first. The action, when it does begin, is a violent see-saw in three jerks, which impel him alternately in the direction of the head and tail, until, if he is lucky, he finds himself ten feet from the ground. The fifteenth-century pilgrim, Felix Fabri, so exactly expresses my sentiments about camels, that I will quote his remarks. He says :—

A camel has a small head and is without horns. It has big and terrible eyes, and always seems a sorrowful and troubled animal. Its eyes are like fire-beacons, and big reflections shine in them; for whatever a camel looks at seems great and huge to it, wherefore it seems to view everything with wonder and alarm. When, therefore, a man goes up to it, the beast begins to tremble, so that the man perceives that the beast trembles because the man coming towards it seems to it to be four times bigger than he really is.

Had not God so ordered it, this animal would not be as tame and disciplined as it is. When it screams, being in trouble, it

opens its mouth, shakes its head, and raises up its long neck, wagging it to and fro, so that a man who is not accustomed to it is disturbed and frightened.

Passing through the narrow streets of the town, with its numerous gooleh factories, we quickly left behind the cultivated area, and found ourselves on the desert. A few encampments of Bedawin were the last dwellings we saw, and there was nothing but a boundless, stony flat in front of us. Quite on the outskirts, on a low rise, we saw what we mistook for a small flock of turkeys, but which proved to be seven or eight enormous vultures, gorged with some attractive morsel. They let us come within forty yards, then, with three or four preliminary hops, took flight.

A short distance from the last palm-trees we began to be amused by unmistakable mirages in two or three directions. The thin stratum of vapor, shuddering in the heat, which affords a reflecting surface is, I think, more frequent within reach of the dampness of the Nile than further into the desert. Sometimes the phantom water seemed to wash the base of the distant hills and accurately reflected each light and shadow. Elsewhere it looked like a still, shallow lake in the middle of the plain, while here and there its smooth surface appeared to be touched by a soft breeze. Slight inequalities in the surface of the desert gave the appearance of bays, islands, and promontories, while low-growing plants simulated the vegetation appropriate to the margin of water. When examined through a field-glass, the illusion, instead of dissolving itself into hard fact, was still more emphasized.

Our way lay up the broad Wadi Keneh, flanked on the right by low hills, and on the left, at several miles' distance, by a terraced limestone cliff which rose to one thousand feet. The gravel composing the floor of the valley was made up of fragments of a variety of granites and porphyries, washed down by the occasional floods from the mountains whither we were bound. Though the watercourse may

¹ As Fabri says, the animal has no horns. The term applies to the upright struts of the saddle.

be dry for many years in succession, such is the weight of water precipitated now and again on the high peaks, that a tremendous torrent is poured across a hundred miles of desert into the Nile. Here was clear demonstration of its volume and power. Near our first camp was a series of mounds, twelve or fourteen feet high, formed apparently by tamarisk bushes, round the roots of which soil had in the course of ages accumulated. These mounds had been worn and undermined by the last flood to a height of five or six feet, and the stream at this point must have been two or three miles broad.

Our course was indicated by the old camel tracks—twenty or thirty in number—close together and in parallel lines. The flat pads of their feet have smoothed and consolidated the stones and sand to a surface like that of a well-rolled gravel path, and walking was an exhilarating exercise. As the camels do not make more than three miles an hour, I found that I could keep ahead of them with ease. Personally I never got hardened to their swinging gait, and I covered about half the distance on foot. The ladies, on the other hand, quickly accommodated themselves to the conditions, and though I had provided a donkey as a change, the camels were generally preferred, partly perhaps because, from the elevation of their backs, the glare was less. In the long marches I often speculated on the origin of the animal. There are no wild types to afford a clue. We know him only as the servant of man. Like the palm-tree, without man the race would disappear in a single generation. The camel of Egypt would seem to be unadapted to any but a flat, sandy country. Yet the earliest dynasties do not appear to have known him. It is impossible to believe that his peculiar qualities have been developed in five thousand years.

On this, our first day, we made a short march and camped early under a low, rocky bluff. Though apparently travelling on a dead level, we found that we had already risen three hundred feet. To those who are new to it

the first camp in the desert is a delightful experience. As soon as their loads are unhitched the camels wander off dreamily to browse on the scant desert plants, which are devoured by them as if they were most delicate herbage. The greater part of the desert is bare of vegetation, even of this flinty quality, but camps are never pitched except where there is some growth for the camels. Ours had a feed of beans in addition.

Moojan, who had been literally lolling on his camel all the way, the picture of idle content, was galvanized into activity. His shining black legs twinkled with energy as he prized open wooden cases, or blew up his charcoal fire. All hands were quickly at work pitching the tents, and the rocks behind us echoed with the blows of the mallets on the tent-pegs. In ten minutes our little village of canvas was complete. It was more extensive than I thought necessary. In fact, our whole equipage was too gorgeous according to my ideas. It is true we were placed on short allowance of water for washing, but it is surprising how much swabbing can be accomplished with half a pint of the precious liquid. The worst of it is that, in this thirsty air, the end first operated upon dries up before the other extremity is finished.

The donkey rolled himself in the sand. At first he seemed to wonder there were not more donkeys about, and would now and then yell out an inquiring bray, but, after the second day, he gave that up. He was an excellent traveller; but it seemed hard on the camels to have to carry water for him when they got none themselves. The heat had been great and our turkeys had suffered the most. Like their betters, the poor things had a difficulty in keeping their balance, and had been travelling most of the way with heads downwards. They were consequently at the last gasp. The baby camel was still the freshest of the party. He walked about among the loads, and after examining and nibbling each one would turn round and kick it, all with the air of a cus-

tom-house officer. Now and then he would take to playing practical jokes on the donkey, or pretend to get his legs entangled in the neck of some recumbent member of his own species. If seized by the tail he uttered a human squeak, which quickly brought his mother around. He was not so difficult to catch as Timsah (the crocodile), a rough long-legged dog belonging to the Bedawin, half greyhound, half pariah. Nothing would induce him to come to one's hand, though he greedily devoured whatever was thrown to him. The only approach to amity he ever made was when, in the heat of the day, he would try to walk in the shadow of my camel.

But the most interesting animals in our following were the Bedawin camels. These were of the Maazeh tribe, and have probably changed as little in the last five or six millenniums as any people on the face of the earth, owing mainly to the inhospitable nature of their country, which has tempted few invaders. It was a pleasure to watch their spare and active figures as they led their animals without a murmur in the hottest hours, or clambered to the top of the load, swarming up by the neck. They were always good-tempered except at loading-up time. Any little service — particularly to the *sitt*, whom they regarded with special veneration — was performed with a childish grin of pleasure. If any of us left the camp, he was always followed by one of these willing protectors — an attention which we considered superfluous. The word backsheesh was not in their vocabulary, and their independent air contrasted well with the demeanor of the fellahen, who always remind me of a dog which has been overmuch beaten. I may here mention a little incident which happened a few days later, and which fairly illustrates the faithfulness of their service to us. I had taken my daughters with me on a hunting expedition, and having reached the watershed by midday, allowed them to return by themselves along a ravine, which I knew would conduct them in two hours to the

neighborhood of the camp. My Bedawin attendant did not seem happy about this arrangement, and perching on a pinnacle of rock, declined to move for over an hour, and until he had seen them pass a certain bend in the ravine visible from this point. Nor was he content till, on our return in the evening, he had made a *détour* to satisfy himself by the footsteps in the sand that they had safely emerged from the mountain.

The Bedawin are generally of the hatchet-faced breed, and their eyes have that intent and steady look which men have who are watching for something at a distance. Their whole wealth is in the camels, which they breed in the desert and trade in the *Rif*. When their camels had been attended to, they sat in groups round the fire of dry brush or camel's dung, in the hot ashes of which they baked their flat cake of doura. The camels, having fed, were brought up and made to kneel in a circle, the head of one against the tail of the next, as a sort of rampart or wind-break round each little camp.

The early morning is the cream of the day in the desert, but it is often painfully cold, for at the elevation that we reached there was a difference of 50° or 60° Fahrenheit between the day and the night temperature. The expanse of the desert acquires a delicate dove color, and the distant hills grow pink by the reflected light which precedes the dawn. The ante-glow spreads a brilliant orange in the east, about three-quarters of an hour before the sunrise, but dies out, and gives way to a clear green and saffron before the final glory. While we take our breakfast the tents are rapidly laid prostrate and packed. The camp is noisy on these occasions, not to say wrathful, so we generally left the confusion behind and walked on for two hours.

The silence of the desert is absolute and almost startling. It is an experience to be felt nowhere else. Here is a little sample such as the world was before the pulse of life began. There is no sound of water, no rustle of

leaves, no hum of insects; even the thud of the soft pads of the camels can scarcely be called a noise. It is to visit a dead planet. The only exceptions to this rule of lifelessness which we observed were a sand-colored lizard, and some spiders; but desert creatures assimilate so closely to their surroundings that we may have passed many other kinds unnoticed. Such small deer, no doubt, derive sufficient moisture from the nightly dews.

About midday we halted for luncheon in the shade of a rock, if obtainable, or inside some ancient tank half full of sand. While so engaged the baggage train, which we had left far behind, would pass us, and we so timed our halt as to overtake them about camping time. Shortly before this our head cameleer, Gharnim, who was a bit of a dandy in his way, and rode a tall white *hageen*, as the thoroughbred swift camels are called, would shoot ahead at ten miles an hour to overtake the caravan, floundering and flopping on the top of the animal's hump, and his pure white abayah, floating behind, would be quickly reduced to a speck in the distance.

In a few days our camps assumed a homely air. The poultry, released from durance, would strut and crow and search for impossible insects, as if each rock was their native dung-heap. The turkeys, too, soon got their sea legs. The principal one—that is he who, being the toughest, thought he had the best chance of surviving to the end—would stretch his neck and gobble on the back of his camel, as if he were in command of the expedition. Even the sheep, driven by the inhospitality of nature to an unnatural affection for man, walked round our dinner table begging for scraps, and sometimes, when nobody was looking, would enter my tent and recline on the mattress, just like any pasha. They would have learnt many things before they got back to Keneh if they had not all been eaten first.

The second night we halted at Kasre el Jin—"the Castle of the Spirit"—the first of a series of *hydremata*,

established for the maintenance of the supply of water on the route to the quarries. These wells and tanks are one and all in ruins, or filled with sand. They are fortified posts, not, I imagine, for protection against the aborigines, who must always have been a feeble folk, but to prevent the escape of the slaves or convicts who worked the quarries. It is clear that no man could, unassisted, cross the desert without access to these wells.

From the top of the little hill on which the fort of sun-dried bricks stands we had our first view of the distant mountains for which we were bound, rising above the foot-hills in four or five separate groups of peaks, of striking outline. This sight sent us happy to bed. The third night we camped at the entrance to the foot-hills, and the next morning followed tortuous wadis with flat, sandy bottoms four or five hundred yards wide, and low granite hills on either side. Now we found the first beginning of life, due to the moisture in the gravel beneath our feet—thistly shrubs, and low-growing plants with a strong smell of lavender. Here and there were trailing patches of the desert melon, with its green and yellow fruit, beautiful to look at, but most acrid to the taste. Those plants which the camels ate most greedily appeared as dead and parched as old brooms. They swayed their snaky heads about and snatched mouthfuls as they stalked along, till it seemed to the rider that they must tread on their own necks. Under many of the shrubs were the burrows of the jerboa—a desert rat with long hind legs, like a miniature kangaroo. Insects became frequent, and the small birds that prey upon them, and the hawks that prey on the birds. Henceforth, at every camp, four or five small white vultures watched operations from the neighboring rocks. All this life served to show that we were approaching water. There were tracks of gazelle which Timsah winded, and he kept ahead of us. At last he found two and had a fine course in view. But they quickly distanced him. We saw also a larger

track which our followers said was that of a *taytal*, but it was in loose sand and not distinct.

At last we approached the base of the higher mountains where I knew was a watering-place. I asked where it was, and our Arabs pointed at what appeared to be an unbroken cliff. After the camp was pitched we went to explore. The cliff was about a mile off. Here we found a deep, narrow ravine choked with blocks of granite. A rough and difficult path led up to it. At last we came to a small and very foul pool of water, under a rock; but the Bedawi pointed higher. Presently we found another pool, but still he beckoned us on. A large, smooth ridge of granite barred the ravine from side to side, and, surmounting this, we found a splendid pool thirty yards long, with green depths. No wonder that the camels, even with a four days' thirst upon them, had to wait till they were fresh before they could attempt such a scramble. But the men brought down some skins full. Refreshing and beautiful by contrast with their arid surroundings as these pools are, I was not extremely confident of their wholesome quality, and henceforth required that all drinking water should be boiled and filtered before use. Such drinking places have been the resort of countless animals, wild and tame, for ages, and the surrounding gravel is necessarily foul, except after a "freshet."

We were camped in the broad, flat valley of Medisch, at the southern end of the Kittar Mountains—the largest *massif* hereabouts, the cliffs of which rise abruptly from the level sand. They are high enough to be covered, not unfrequently in winter, by an evanescent mantle of snow. A variety of desert plants indicated more moisture below, but the acacia and tamarisk trees which used to be so conspicuous a feature of these wadis have to some extent disappeared. Blackened pits show where the Bedawin have converted them into charcoal. The food in these valleys is at best exceedingly scanty, and if these mountains were to sink again into the hot bosom of the

earth, whence they came, the world would not be appreciably poorer.

I had a fancy that the *bedan* fed in these wider valleys, and the next morning commenced my hunting by following one of them for a long distance, examining the level surface for traces, which are visible in such places, though not on the rocks, but was rewarded by only one doubtful track. This is the best method, where it is practicable, of determining the plentifulness or scarcity of game. Careful spying also failed to reveal any sign of the animal on the neighboring fastnesses. Returning across the cliffs, I found several ibex couches, which the animal had scraped among the stones or on ledges. But the surface seemed to have been beaten by rain since they were used, from which I inferred that they were old, and I saw no other sign recent enough to raise hopes.

Coming down I found among the rocks a single horn, which I recognized as having belonged to a Barbary or maned wild sheep, the *Aroui* of the Atlas Mountains. The Bedawin knew nothing of the existence of this animal at the present time, but in such a conservative climate it might have lain there unaltered for centuries. It was quite perfect, except that the exposed part was worn by drifting sand.

In the evening I learnt that there was a small camp of Maazeh, half a mile distant, and that they had several dogs which were used in hunting, and this would be quite enough to account for the absence of ibex in that range, as nothing terrifies wild animals so much as being chased by dogs. The Bedawin method of hunting is to seek for the animals when on the feed. The dog then pursues them by sight or scent, and the goats take refuge on some ledge or cliff which the dog cannot climb, till the hunter, guided by the barking, approaches at his leisure to such close quarters that even his antiquated matchlock can scarcely fail. I was not anxious to try this method, and on our arrival had ordered Timsah to be tied in camp.

For our second attempt I determined

to penetrate as far as possible into the main chain, and, with that end in view, followed the ravine which opened opposite our tents. My daughters accompanied me, and one of our Bedawin acted as guide—too large a party for hunting, but, from the first day's experience, I had little expectation of a successful stalk. At first we ascended rather steeply a rough ravine, till we reached two lovely pools, at the foot of what would be a fine waterfall when the torrent is running. Most of the natural watering-places in this country are holes, such as these, in torrent beds. But their utility depends on the approach to them being practicable for camels. They must be deep reservoirs and sheltered by cliffs from the sun, or they would quickly dry up by evaporation. Gradually rising, we kept on up the ravine till it was closed in by fine broken peaks rising all round us to a height of five or six thousand feet. Granite mountains do not generally form *aiguilles*, which in limestone ranges shape like a bell-tent, *i.e.*, steep at the top and curving off into the plain. These peaks, on the other hand, are steepest where they rise from the plain. They form parabolic curves, and their tops are dome-shaped. Scattered vegetation, consisting of coarse grasses, an occasional dwarf palm, and a kind of smooth-barked fig, lined the ravine, but not a trace of growth could be seen on the mountain-sides.

The gorge was cumbered with huge, rounded blocks which testified to the resistless force of the torrent at times. If the conditions are realized, the sudden and tremendous precipitation of water will be understood. Given a south-east wind, carrying vapor-laden air from the surface to the Red Sea, these mountains, rising so abruptly from the level, will cause the hot layer to bound upwards to a height of six thousand feet, and the sudden chill pulls the string of the shower-bath.

Here, again, we sought in vain for fresh tracks, and each sign, of the kind which hunters seek for, was very stale. We passed several smaller pools which had shrunk, leaving a space five or six

feet wide, of slime. Here was a sure test of the presence of game, because if any animals had visited them during the weeks which had elapsed since these pools stood full, they must have left impressions, as sharp as in plaster of Paris, in the smooth, damp surface. Finding none, we turned our attention to simple exploration.

We determined to try to get up one of the seductive peaks which surrounded us, hoping to see the sea and Sinai, from the top. The rocks were very steep, but our rubber soles gave great clinging power. Salami, who accompanied us, was an active climber, but soon began to show signs of foot-soreness and discouragement. We were bothered by certain ravines invisible from below, but one after the other we turned or conquered them, until we had subdued most of the other peaks, and were within fifty feet of the top of this one. Then another gap with sheer sides cut right across the ridge we were upon, and at right angles to it. We tried it a long way down the mountain, so far down that, when we did get across, our poor Arab with his bare feet protested piteously, pointing at the sun. These people are as ignorant as it is possible to be, without books or priests, and almost without contact with others like themselves, but their imaginations are active, and people the air with *jins* and *afreets*. Thus Salami had a particular dread of being out after dark, and, yielding to his fears, we turned campwards.

As G. had been no more fortunate, we moved the next day to Kittar, at the other end of these peaks. Here we found ourselves among rocks still more bizarre and fantastic. What are the agencies which grind these mountains to pieces? Water does its share, though its action is only intermittent. It has scooped extraordinary ravines near the Kittar camp. Frost can do nothing, as, though it is not unfrequent in the winter, the rocks are dry. Appearances would justify the belief that lightning and earthquakes are responsible for much of the ruin. The great differences of temperature by day and

by night, and the consequent expansion and contraction, have also told on the fibre of the rock. But here are signs not to be accounted for by any of these agencies—the hardest granite scooped and honeycombed and undermined as if by water, and yet not by water. These rounded hollows follow no determinate level of coast, nor any probable lines of falling water. There is another tool at work, practically unknown in our climate. It is sand blown before the wind. The hardest rock cannot stand against the bombardment of these million tiny fragments. Just above camp was a huge rock, whose base had been thus rasped away till it looked like a mere stalk or neck supporting a giant head. To come nearer home, the neck of the Sphinx and the base of the Step Pyramid are obvious examples of this erosive power.

More than once we had practical experience of the phenomenon of sandstorms. On the first occasion my tent was blown over upon me as I slept, and I was left crawling about under the flopping canvas, trying to find my shoes. When I had emerged I found this new kind of hailstorm rather trying to the exposed parts, and I rather prided myself on my success in re-erecting my house, unaided. The other tents held, and their occupants did not know of my mishap, but every other upright thing was cast down, and a number of loose properties went off into the desert. They were all recovered except G.'s sponge, which, being light and elastic, hopped off, miles beyond recovery, and by the next morning might have arrived in the Mahdi's country. The next visitation was in the daytime, when we were on the march. I saw it coming in the distance, a wall of sand-cloud, sweeping towards us, though the atmosphere, where we were, was still. I stopped the caravan and began pitching camp immediately. But before the operation was complete we were struck by a storm of sand through which we could not see twenty yards. After half an hour of this a person feels like a fried sole covered with bread crumbs. We

dare not open our luggage, lest it should get filled with sand, and the wonder was how Moojan succeeded in cooking a tolerable dinner.

The Kittar camp was very beautiful. Our tents were pitched near the junction of two ravines. The southerly one led by steep and darksome ways to Floyer's waterfall—so called after the enterprising traveller now at the head of the telegraph department in Egypt, who discovered it. This was a sheer wall, eighty feet high, covered with maidenhair fern. The side walls of the ravine were far higher, and one was led to speculate how long the torrent, which may on an average run during a few hours only in each year, has taken to cut back through a mile of solid granite to this waterfall. Above and below it were several lovely palm-fringed pools, and near some of them were little stone huts where ibex hunters are wont to lie in wait for the animals who come to drink. On an upright face of rock near the camp, I found several grotesque representations of ibex, loaded camels, etc. I believe there are many similarly decorated rocks on the Sinaitic side of the Gulf.

Here we were more hopeful of success, as, in the ravines, we found plants nibbled by the goats, and actually saw two of the animals, but they did not give a fair chance. An Arab produced from among the rocks the horns of a fine *taytal* which he had shot not long before. But that only showed that this district also had been recently harried with dogs. Notwithstanding this, we worked away from morning to night, spying each rugged corrie with extreme care, and afterwards purposely giving it the wind, or showing ourselves conspicuously. It was not easy ground to cover satisfactorily with the glass, owing to the number of hollows and embrasures, scooped by sand or water; but if anything had moved, we must have heard if not seen it in the prevailing silence. Despairing at last of these vain quests, I again abandoned the hunting for a climb, determined to get my first view of the

sea. It was hot work, but I was well repaid. My only fear was that other peaks would overtop the one I had selected, but as I neared the summit there was nothing but two toppling crags between me and the horizon. A few steps further, and I saw, between them, the thin line of bluest blue of the Red Sea, and all the range of Sinai beyond, a view which suggested many thoughts.

Along and across this famous waterway the civilization of Egypt drew its earliest inspiration from the East. It landed at the little coral-locked harbor of Myos Hermos, which lay there almost in the foreground, though it was five thousand feet below me, and twenty miles away. Thence it crossed the thirsty belt, here at its narrowest, and in the fat Nile pastures it thrived amazingly, till some of its drift wood, floating down the benign river, stranded on barbarous shores, and struck and spread again. The plain lay pale in the quivering heat, and from it sprang, on either side of the Gulf, gaunt peaks like the sun-bleached ribs of some derelict monster, half buried in the desert sand. Of what old-world histories had they not been witnesses, of which Moses and his unruly horde is the tale of yesterday!

Our next move was to Badia, an important well of the Romans at the base of Gebel Dukhan, the range in which their famous porphyry quarries, which it was our object to visit, were situated. Here the ground was strewn with fragments of amphore and of the blue pottery which the Romans used; also with the remains of shellfish, the only fresh food which these poor exiles could obtain nearer than the Nile. Among the *débris* of what appeared to be a sort of garden, I picked up a pretty little bunch of crystals which it pleased me to think some Roman centurion had treasured for his child.

Gebel Dukhan is a mountain shaped like a horseshoe, on the ridges of which are the porphyry quarries, and in the valley which they enclose is the little Roman town and temple which sheltered the quarrymen. The stone was

brought down this valley by a road which made a wide *détour* of the mountain, and then across the desert to the Nile by the route we had followed—a course of one hundred miles. The transit of the blocks was doubtless accomplished on wooden rollers. We did not care to follow the circuitous route, but, travelling with light equipment, crossed the ridge itself—a climb of two thousand feet—by an old Roman path which made a short cut from Badia. For a long distance it was carried across a fan-shaped talus of loose stones and rock, many miles in extent, washed down from a ravine. The path in this part had been made by simply removing the stones and piling them on either side. The fact that it had remained in this condition suggested a curious observation. This talus must have been the work of a series of tremendous floods, but for two thousand years since the path was abandoned, no flood on the same scale could have occurred, or it must have washed the stones, with which the surrounding surface was covered, on to the road.

When we reached the steep sides of the ravine we followed a series of zig-zags splendidly engineered, and always, whatever the obstacles, following exactly the same gradient, from which I assumed that it was used by beasts of burden. Descending into the valley on the other side our Bedawin's dogs left us, following up the scent of something. Presently we heard them barking among some cliffs to our right. Taking out my glass, I made out an ibex climbing the cliff and another on the face of a rock, at the base of which the dogs were vehemently baying it. It was only a female, and G., who got up to it first, declined to shoot, but climbed two thousand feet higher in the vain hope of catching sight of the other, which was a young male. When I approached the dogs, the goat had placed herself where it seemed impossible for anything but a fly to cling, and where she might have safely remained, as I had no desire to annex this poor little sad-colored desert nanny. I tried to stalk near enough to Kodak

the group, but, getting a glimpse of me, she sprang down, and the dogs, after a short course of two hundred yards, caught her, strange to say, with very little injury to skin or bone. She was heavy in kid, or she would have quickly shown them her heels. Our Bedawi was close up, and in a trice had tied her legs, while I fastened a handkerchief over her eyes to prevent her struggling. The females of this species are much smaller than the rams, and we had no difficulty in carrying our prisoner down the valley to the spot where we proposed to camp. We proceeded to sit upon her fate. I should have liked to carry a live female of the species as an offering to the Zoological Society. On the other hand, the creature would have to spend ten days in a bag, on the back of a camel, an ordeal which might be attended with inconvenience to us, and certainly would be, under the circumstances, to the lady in question. Our Luxor attendant, who had not hitherto come out as a linguist, remarked: "Next week him make little boy." That settled the point. We elected to give her her liberty, but not without protests from the Arabs, the lawful prey of whose bow and spear she was, and who strongly objected to allowing good meat to run away. We waited till it was too dark for the dogs to follow her, and then released her. She skipped off into the darkness without sign of hurt.

This camp was an *al fresco* one under the lee of a large *yessar* bush. Free from the awe-inspiring presence of our dragoman, our ragged company of nomads did the honors gracefully, and initiated us into the mysteries of their cuisine. They would have liked to tell us many things, but we had no interpreter. Round an angle of rock we found a sand-strewn chamber for the ladies. Under the stars we lay wondering whether this death-like stillness would ever again be broken with the ring of hammer and chisel. Near us were the remains of a little Roman town and its temple and tank, shaken to pieces by earthquakes; at least I assumed that to be the cause of the

ruins, as all motive for the depredation of the usual kind seemed wanting. If the quarry men lived here, they must have had a stiff daily climb of two thousand feet to their work. G. had stumbled on one quarry in the eastern wing of the mountain in the course of his solitary hunt of the night before. The principal quarry is in the western wing. It took us nearly three hours to reach it, not following the ancient and well-defined paths, but a ridge which terminated near our camp. We followed this unusual course, hoping to make some fresh discovery; and on the ridge, at a great height, we came on some workmen's huts not before observed, and found a block of black diorite which they had used to sharpen their tools upon.

On all the mountain-side I saw no scrap of vegetation except one small, fleshy-leaved plant, right in the quarry itself, but that was so full of sap that to pluck it was like washing the hands in cool water. The side of the mountain is scored by finely executed zigzag paths, which the ibex, now the only inhabitants, had found very convenient for bedding-down places; and wide slides for lowering the blocks of porphyry were carried straight down the mountain-side. This operation was effected by the aid of solid stone platforms which served as fulcras. The quarried faces showed the lines of wedge-holes by which the blocks were broken off. From the number of these in preparation I inferred that the quarries must have been abandoned suddenly.

This world-renowned rock consists of small white crystals imbedded in a reddish paste. The perquisite of emperors, it was fetched at enormous cost of life and treasure for their own glorification, and the decoration of heathen temples. It was this porphyry which originated the saying "Born in the purple." A Byzantine empress lined a chamber with it for her accouchement, the material having been brought from Rome. Being thus rare and of matchless quality and everlasting hardness, it was always accounted precious,

and when new religions supplanted the old, the temples were plundered for the churches and mosques. Even Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral have thus drawn some plaques of pavement from this small quarry, four thousand feet above the Red Sea. It is a curious fact that, with all their love of fine stones, the ancient inhabitants of Egypt do not appear to have discovered the porphyry.

As the Gulf of Suez was not more than twenty miles distant, it was difficult to understand why the stone was not removed that way; but it must be remembered that though, at a much earlier age, there was water communication from the head of the Gulf of Suez to the Nile, it had ceased to be available long before Roman times, and, on the other hand, the blocks, once barged at Koptos, on the Nile, would reach the coasts of Italy without change of bottom.

Under one of the quarry faces we sat, admiring the splendid view of the mountains of Sinai. Brother Felix Fabri ascended the loftiest of them, Gebel Katarina, four hundred and fifty years ago, and thus describes the reverse view of the range upon which we were, and what he was told of its inhabitants:—

Beyond the gulf of the sea toward the south, we saw, as we looked down toward the west, an exceeding high mountain, which they call Olympus of Ethiopia. At sunrise this mountain pours forth flames in a terrible fashion for five hours. From this mountain Ethiopia begins, which country was of old named Atlanta, and is bounded by the river Nile. It is a very wide land, and brings forth strange men and wondrous beasts in its wildernesses. Some of these men look upon the sun when he rises and sets with dreadful curses, and always angrily abuse the sun, because of their sufferings from the heat. There satyrs run about, who are so like men that they are reckoned to be men indeed, though they are not so, and there are many wonders in that country.

His remark about the flaming mountain doubtless relates to the Porphyry

Mountain. It would be about the most southerly peak visible to him, and is called Gebel Dukhan, or the "Mountain of Smoke." Is it not probable that both the name and the tradition of which the pilgrim speaks had their origin in the smoke made by the quarry men, many of whose huts were placed on the actual crest of the ridge, easily visible from Sinai, and over an immense area of country?

We had to leave our shelter before the sun had moderated, for to reach our main camp it was necessary to descend into the valley and recross the chain. Henceforth our caravan journeyed southward, but to the east of the main chain. We hoped to get some hunting on the Munfia Mountains, but we were not more successful than before. Gebel Sheyib is perhaps the finest peak of the range, and I was anxious to make acquaintance with it; but foot-hills, and a pass said to be impassable for loaded camels, drove us out towards the coast, and we had no time to come to close quarters with it. The wonderful sea sunrises were some compensation. We commonly left camp on foot by early twilight, and having proceeded for some distance climbed some low hill to watch the marvellous display. The moon, just then at its full, set about the same time behind the jagged mountains to the westward. A faint twinkle of a distant lighthouse on one of the islands slowly paled before the growing light. To the eastward the foot-hills formed a sharply cut pattern of purple against the horizon, but with wide gaps, which showed the sea, reflecting the radiance on its heaving surface.

Once and again on this side we encountered a few Arabs pasturing small herds of sheep. Some of them were of the Ababdeh tribe, quite a different race from our Maazeh, and much nearer to the negroid type. They come from further south, and have, in fact, no right to be here; but for the moment their feuds are composed, and our people were friendly with them.

The live in tents made of mats of woven palm-leaves. The Maazeh use

goat-hair cloth. They have only one fault, which comes of a desire to please. According to them, the next place is always crowded with *taytal*. From their language and demeanor you would think that there would not be room enough for so many on the rocks.

We sought, and found, the Roman quarry of the famous "Starling-winged" granite, and thence cruised southward along the watershed, till we arrived at Jiddama, and penetrated its noble gorge, which has a grand supply of water. It might be useful if ever this route is required for military purposes. In this valley were stone circles, similar, I imagine, to those described by visitors to Sinai, but I hope to go and see the latter for myself about the time that this paper sees the light. Now it was time to turn eastwards, and we once more faced the waterless plain. At last the thin, dark line of the palms of Keneh appeared, and gradually took individual shape as we approached. Then the most beautiful mirage appeared. The palm-trees seemed to be growing on islands and to fringe the wide lagoon with luxuriance. The witchcraft was broken in upon by a prosaic chimney and puffing steam, in connection with a gooleh

factory, all reflected on the burnished surface.

Soon we left the patient stillness of the desert and heard the hum of life. The sun flashed on the bronzy wings of doves and steel-blue of pigeons. The rustle of palm-leaves was broken by the creaking and *grooming of shadoufs*, and the splash of water raised by them. How different the people, too, from the nomads behind us! These last have little to do but watch their starveling flocks; little, too, to eat. No ripple from the storms of the outside world reaches this backwater. The fellaheen, on the other hand, are busy all day long. The generous Nile mud, in which they sow their seeds, smiles back upon them with green blades. They have no care or anxiety, unless the Nile rises a foot higher or a foot lower than the normal, or the tax-gatherer tickles them with the kourbash. I wonder which race is the happier; or are we Northerners better off with our fretting life, and machines, and books, and endless strife? Why does not some Edison invent a delicate balance for weighing happiness? Anyhow I am certain that a month in the desert with chosen companions would rank high.

E. N. BUXTON.

PHILISTINE RECORDS OF THE HEBREW INVASION.—*Science* contains an interesting account of the Tell-el-Amarna tablets, from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Harrison, of Staplehurst, Kent. These tablets, three hundred and twenty in number, were discovered by a fellah woman in 1887 among the ruins of the palace of Amenophis IV., known as Khu-en-Aten, between Missieh and Assiout, about one hundred and eighty miles south of Cairo. They have been found to contain a political correspondence of the very greatest interest, dating from some three thousand three hundred and seventy years back. Many are from Palestine, written by princes of the Amorites, Phenicians, Philistines, etc., the burden of almost all being: "Send, I pray thee, chariots and men to keep the city of the king my Lord." Among the enemies against

whom help is thus invoked are the *Abiri*, easily recognized as the Hebrews. The date fixes that of the Bible (1 Kings, vi. 1) as accurate. Many names occur which are familiar in Scripture, as, for example, Japhia, one of the kings killed by Joshua (Josh. x. 3); Adonizedek, King of Jerusalem (ditto); and Jabin, King of Hazor (Josh. xi.). Very pathetic are the letters of Ribadda, the brave and warlike King of Gebel, whose entreaties for aid are observed to grow gradually less obsequious and more businesslike as his enemies prevailed against him, robbing him eventually of his wife and children, whom he was powerless to protect. But the greatness of Egypt was waning under the nineteenth dynasty; enemies were pressing her at home, and the chariots and the horsemen went not forth.



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